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THE ROYAL FAMILY OF EGYPT.

THE following short sketch of the present state of the Khedive's family will show that there is no immediate danger lest the race of Mohammed Ali should become extinct. The tree which appears on the following page, though not quite exhaustive, exhibits at a glance all the personages, dead or living, to whom any allusion need be made. The number of those who travel in Egypt, and to whom the country is a subject of attention, is ever increasing, and it may interest those who light upon these pages to have in their hand a correct table of the more important branches of the reigning family and of its present extent. It is almost invariably the case that when any of its members are alluded to in the papers they are inaccurately described; and such lists as have appeared in guide-books, and the like, are always incomplete and generally incorrect.

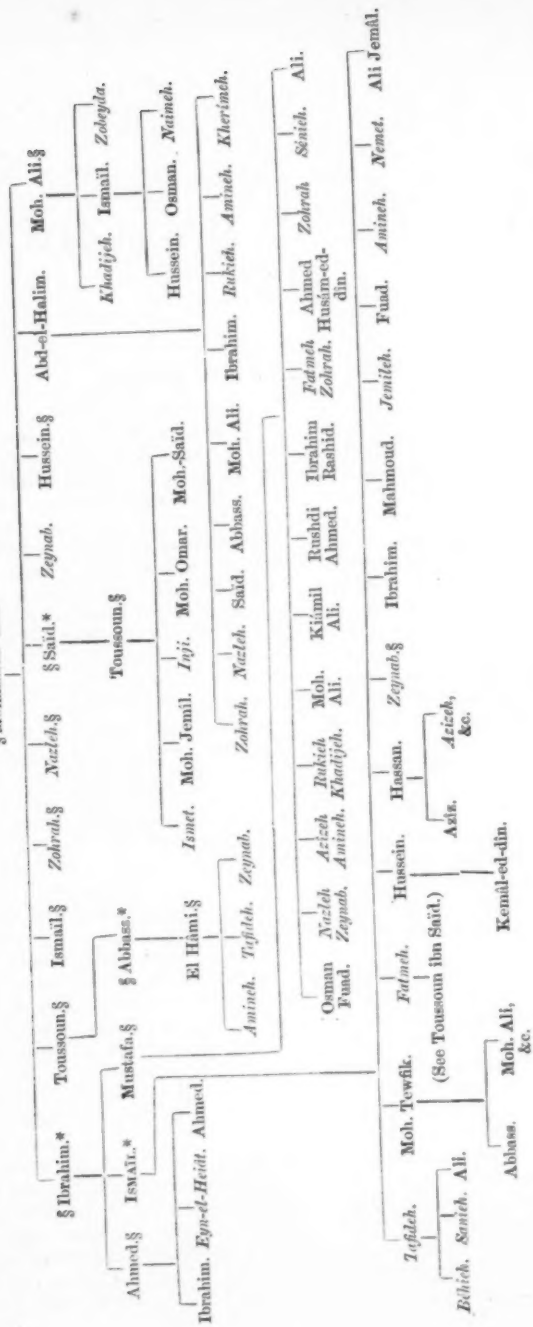
Nor, again, is this rapidly-increasing family threatened with any lack of luxurious and palatial accommodation. The buildings capable of being classed as palaces are between thirty and forty in number, at least; and it is well known that the Khedive has been perpetually haunted by a dread lest he should have been "underbuilding himself." As he confessed to Mr. De Leon, who recently gave us such interesting sketches of the "Old House of Bondage,"¹ "Every man is mad on some subject. My mania is

¹ *The Khedive's Egypt*, p. 175.

for building—*j'ai une manie en pierre*." Perhaps this is a conclusion at which Mr. De Leon had arrived from his own independent observation. But alas! what buildings are they that those millions have raised, in a land whose climate preserves the temples of the Pharaohs, and where Time the Destroyer lays his hand so gently as to be scarcely felt! What noble castles, destined to adorn the banks of the Nile for thousands of years, might have been raised for a fifth part of what has been expended on flimsy structures that crumble during the owner's lifetime, or which perhaps some superstition will forbid a successor either to inhabit or repair. The Egyptian palace tells its own tale of the spirit of the age, and of the conditions that have produced it; and it is a joke among travellers that the ruins of modern Egypt are more extensive than those of the ancient land.

Into the interior of these palaces there is no intention here to peep. And as to the Khedive himself, there will be no attempt to estimate his many-sided character as a whole. Allusion will not be made to him as a despot, a merchant, or a financier. We need only glance at him, and that incidentally, in his relation towards his nearest kith and kin, and as the father of a family to which he is much attached. Many of those who have formed the most unflattering opinion of Ismail Pasha as a ruler are ready to admit that it is in this capacity

E MOHAMMED Ali.*



* denotes those who have ruled Egypt.
§ denotes those deceased.

* denotes those who have ruled Egypt. The members of every branch are arranged according to age, beginning from the left. Names in *italics* are females.

that his good qualities are chiefly conspicuous.

The object, then, is to present to view the family of Mohammed Ali; and then to give some slight sketch of its most prominent members—more especially of the sons of the Khedive, who, whatever changes may be in store for Egypt, are likely to occupy a high position, and are certainly qualified to play no inconsiderable part in the administration of affairs. In order to make our picture more complete, we may then glance briefly at the changes which are silently working their way into the precincts of the once mysterious harem. These short glimpses into the interior will give some idea as to the quality of the education that Egypt's royal family are receiving, and as to how far the results already attained are contributing towards the much-needed regeneration of the country at large.

The Khedive has four wives, whom we may allude to as the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Princesses. The First Princess has two daughters, (1) Tafideh Hanoum, the wife of Mansour Pasha, who is son of Ahmed Pasha, a brother of Mohammed Ali; and (2), Fatmeh Hanoum the widow of Tousoun Pasha, late and only son of Said Pasha. The Second Princess is the mother of the Viceroy's fourth son Ibrahim Helmy, and of the late Zeynab Hanoum. This princess had several other children who died young, and the eldest of whom, had he lived, would now be heir to the Egyptian throne. The Third Princess has had no children; but, following a common practice, has adopted a daughter, Faïkeh Hanoum, who was married a few years ago to Mustafa Pasha, son of the unfortunate "Mufettish," Ismail Pasha Sâdyk, whose career and end supply so strange and so dark a page in the annals of the Khedive. Immediately after the downfall of her ill-fated father-in-law, she was divorced from her husband. The Third Princess had also meanwhile adopted another little lady. The Fourth Princess is the mother of

Mohammed Tewfik Pasha; but she was not exalted to the dignity of wife until many years after the birth of the son and heir. She lives entirely with her son, whereas the other three princesses are generally located in a single palace.

At a crisis like the present, it is of considerable importance that the character of the Viceroy's eldest son should be known to those who interest themselves in the lot of the Egyptians. It is gratifying to believe that there is probably no member of the family who is better suited to occupy the position of heir to the "constitutional" throne of Egypt than Mohammed Tewfik Pasha. And this belief is warranted by a consideration of the esteem in which he is held both as a Mohammedan prince, and as a minister who has of late been in frequent contact with Europeans. As regards what is said of him by the latter, the general conviction is that he combines a thoroughly simple and straightforward disposition with a high amount of intelligence. By Europeans reference is not intended to travellers, or to those whose knowledge of Egypt might be deemed superficial; but to persons long resident in the country, who from their position or from other causes have had ample means of forming a just opinion. European opinion, however, in general corroborates this conviction. And as regards the feelings of the Egyptians, few are the Franks who divert their attention from what is, or aims at being, European; or who seek to study and appreciate the qualities of the people amongst whom their lot is for a time cast. But those who have paid any attention to native opinion will not, I think, have heard from the highest or the poorest a disparaging word respecting the hereditary prince. Not only within his own palace, or round about his own domains, but far and wide the qualities that are attributed to him are precisely those which would endear him to the patient and hard-working population over whom he will some day be called to rule. That the

Egyptians are a listless and apathetic race—from causes which it perhaps requires no philosopher of history to explain—and that many a donkey-boy in Cairo has no distinct idea that Mohammed Pasha is heir to the throne of Mohammed Ali is not to be denied; but that the prince is universally regarded with feelings of respect and affection is all the more an agreeable truth which augurs exceedingly well for the future.

In physique Tewfik Pasha is strongly built, and has become considerably stouter during the last few years. He has an open and pleasing expression of countenance, and his manner is courteous and unaffected. In considering his mental training, we shall see that many of the advantages that have been bestowed upon his brothers have been denied to him. He has never travelled in Europe; for, in 1870, at the outset of a projected tour which was to have included a visit to England, he merely reached Vienna in time to be recalled during the days that preceded the outbreak of the Franco-German war. His earliest education consisted in an initiation into the rudiments of Turkish and Arabic learning, including of course the study of the Kuran. To these first studies were soon added others, which necessitated the presence and control of an European. A sort of school was therefore formed for the benefit of the three eldest sons, and of a nephew and cousin of the Khedive—over which a French officer was called to preside, and in which the young princes studied and learned the French language; while the Oriental portion of their education was continued by Egyptian and Turkish professors. Several years having elapsed, they were prepared to carry out the programme upon which the Viceroy had meanwhile decided. The "school" was broken up, and two of the sons, as will be seen, were sent to continue their education abroad. The eldest son, however, was destined to remain in a country which is not, as it once was, the mother of arts and sciences;

and the highest praise is due to the prince for any advantage he took of such small opportunities as were henceforth afforded him of comprehending within the sphere of his studies more than he derived from a limited intercourse with a French secretary, who was now attached to him. Tewfik Pasha is a sincere admirer of England; and there is nothing he regrets more than that he is not a better English scholar, and that he has not yet visited our shores. What knowledge he possesses of our language is entirely due to his own efforts; some instruction having been received from a Turkish gentleman, who has long been in the service of the Khedive, and who speaks English fluently. The result of his desultory study is that he can speak a little English, and that he is able to read, and sometimes does read the *Times*. It may well appear strange to travellers that the Viceroy, who so often professes to regret his inability to speak our language, should have omitted to supply in his son's education what he feels to be a deficiency in his own. It is not too late, however, for the prince to render himself more familiar with our tongue; nor is the opportunity wanting; for his present French secretary is an excellent English scholar, and most willing to converse with him in either language.

This slight sketch would be incomplete were allusion omitted to an opinion that has gained a certain amount of credence among European residents as well as travellers. It is to the effect that the pasha has been too exclusively subject to the influence of religious teachers and learned men of the old school. That he has a natural inclination to serious and religious matters, and that he devoted at one period an undue proportion of his time to instructors of the Azhar type, is true. But that he has imbibed from those sources any tendency towards bigotry and intolerance is not true. The prince is no doubt a sincere believer in the doctrines of Islam, and the little white-washed domes that dot

the luxuriant acres about his palace bear evidence to the fact that he respects the religious feelings of the humblest around him; and contributes to the rearing of those little monuments by which each Egyptian Muslim in his generation delights to honour the memory of his local Saint. But to say that he is in any way disposed to look with favour upon the fanatical element—such as it exists in Egypt—or to countenance any of the barbarous outgrowths of pseudo-Islam, is an egregious mistake. Any opinion to this effect may not unnaturally have originated in the fact that he is occasionally present during those semi-religious festivals which include such ordeals as the *Doseh*, or oft-described "Treading." But the fact is that there is no one who has a greater contempt for these spectacles, which orthodox Islam disowns, and which the prince would use his influence, when advisable, to abolish or reform. His presence on such occasions is more than anything else an act of pardonable courtesy towards the Sheikh-el-Bekri or Arch-Dervish of Egypt, and cannot be said to contribute towards the persistence of customs which will ere long die their lingering death. In a word, the prince is a good Muslim who has the courage to own and practise what he professes; but no person who is at all acquainted with him can fail to be convinced that he considers progress in a right direction to be perfectly compatible with Muslim orthodoxy. During the last few years the prince has been President of the Council of Ministers, and has held the post of Minister of the Interior, attending regularly and punctually to the duties of his Divan.

One word more respecting his public life. The prince has originated and mainly supports various schools; and he takes a real interest in the progress of education. A large free school at Cairo has for many years flourished under his patronage; and in some country districts the existence of village schools is entirely due to his zeal and liberality.

In 1873 Mohammed Tewfik married Amineh Hanoum, daughter of El Hâmi Pasha, by whom he has several children. No allusion need be made to any but his eldest son, now in his fifth year. It will, I think, interest English readers to know that the little prince who, if all goes well, ought to succeed his father as Abbass II., and seventh ruler of the dynasty, is being brought up strictly according to our notions; his physical training, that is, being entirely entrusted to an English nurse. Those who have any knowledge of Turkish customs and prejudices will understand what radical innovations are here implied; most of the ideas which we insist on as most important being diametrically opposed to the theory and practice of the harem home. At the same time, too, the little prince is learning our language in a manner that promises to render it as familiar to him as his own.

As far, then, as one can at present form an estimate respecting the Viceroy's heir, a very favourable opinion may be held of him; for there is little to find fault with, and much to praise. If there is an absence of any very striking qualities in his character, his negative virtues include most of those which it is especially desirable that a modern Pharaoh should possess. There is probably no prince in Egypt in whom the intriguing, capricious element is more conspicuously absent; and no one who is more likely to pursue consistently a policy of honesty, and to surround himself with counsellors chosen for character and ability. The prince has always taken a great interest in the history of his great-grandfather, Mohammed Ali, and has studied and criticised his life. He is fully alive to the difficulties of Egypt's position, and ardently desires better times. There is no need to peer too far into the possibilities of the future; but should the prince ever come to hold a more responsible position than at present, he is likely to exert such power as he may possess for the good of Egypt, rather than for selfish and

ambitious purposes. And his name will not improbably be added to that small list among long chronicles of Pharaohs, Sultans, Khalifs, and Pashas, who have sought, not wealth and power only, but the welfare and affection of their people.

Very different in outward appearance and in character is Hussein Kiamil Pasha, the Khedive's second son. Prepossessing in exterior, though somewhat less so upon closer inspection than at a distance, he inspires one with the idea that he is endowed with a more active and restless disposition than his eldest brother. A keen sharp eye is the feature that most strikes you. In age he is younger than Prince Tewfik by a year, or less; and in build he is considerably slighter. In constitution he is not so strong as his brother. He has suffered considerably from illness in former years, and he is always glad to escape from the heat of an Egyptian summer to some cool retreat, where woods and forests and mineral springs are a grateful relief from the monotony of the shadeless Delta and the waters of the not too transparent Nile. Sometimes it is to Swiss breezes and the slopes of Evian, and sometimes to the Island of Rhodes that he betakes himself. This year, after a long spell of not very palatable work at his Divan, the prince was quite knocked up, and suffered a good deal in the head.

It was perhaps natural that the Khedive should have chosen Paris as the place of education for the first of his sons who was destined to be Europeanized at a distance from home. Already speaking French fluently before he left Egypt, Prince Hussein soon made himself at home in the French capital. He is said to have been personally much liked by the Empress, and to have been a well-known figure in Paris society. What were the special studies of the prince during the years that he spent in France, and in Switzerland, where he afterwards sojourned a while, I am not able to say; but he returned to Egypt a thorough Frenchman in many of his tastes, and with a capacity to reconcile

them with the fashions of eastern life. The princes of Egypt who have been educated abroad have manifested no difficulty in settling down as Orientals at home; and some of those who have known them in Europe have been surprised to find how thoroughly they seem to subside into the placid stagnation of Egyptian life.

Of late years, while the prince has been nominally Minister of Finance, the Khedive has seen much more of him than of the heir apparent. That he possesses, as do almost all the Khedive's sons, a large amount of intelligence, there is no doubt. But that he is gifted with any special aptitude for dealing with difficult problems of finance is less certain. At any rate he has had a larger experience in this department both as "Mufettish" (Inspector), and as Finance Minister, than any other official of his own age in Egypt. Lately he has been much in communication with able financiers, and has been in a position to contrast various sound doctrines of political economy with the imperfections of the system over which he was appointed to preside. This system, or rather absence of system, he had himself begun to criticise in the days of the late Mufettish Ismail. We must go back for a moment to the time when the prince was appointed Inspector, and Ismail Sadyk remained as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He then began to see for himself the nature and extent of the evil that was eating away the vitality of the country's resources; and he had the courage to express his opinion to the Viceroy, and avow himself the opponent of the existing maladministration. He had informed himself pretty thoroughly respecting the character of *the* Mufettish, and of the causes of the deplorable state of things in the provinces. But the Khedive had not yet come to see the necessity of any real reforms, and continued, up to the last, to prefer the useful subservience of the Mufettish to the criticisms of his son. When, under pressure, the change at last did come, the young prince took the place of the

fallen minister. Great credit should be given to him for the attitude which he took up as the opponent of Ismail Sadyk, between whom and the prince no love was lost. He soon, however, became a shadow, and seemed to be swept away into the vicious torrent. The Khedive, as is well-known, has always been his own minister in every department of the State; and it is generally supposed that from this point he undertook the financial education of his son. One heard little of the prince in his new capacity after the arrival of Mr. Romaine and the Baron de Malaret. Only despairing creditors of the Egyptian Government lamented that the drifting bark of the State had been rescued from Scylla only to fall into the troubled waters of Charybdis.

In 1873 Hussein Kiamil married his cousin 'Eyn-el-Heiât, daughter of Ahmed Pasha, who has received a good education. He has one son.

In Hussein Pasha you find a prince with whom you feel less at ease than with some of his brothers, and whom it would probably take some considerable time to understand. There is nothing unpleasing in his manner, but it is colder and more distant than that of the other princes. He is more prone to stand on his dignity as a prince. He is particularly sensitive to anything that touches his *amour-propre*, and is said to chafe not a little under the sense of double subordination—to the Porte and to the Western Powers—beneath which his country groans. At times he is very lively, and has a certain fund of wit and merriment; but even then his humour is somewhat forced, and there is a lack of the frank and open pleasantness that is seldom wanting in his brother Hassan. His health is partly the cause of this, but he is also cast in a different mould. Were he to have the ordering of things in Egypt, it is probable that while he would exhibit no intolerance of any kind, he would admit no Europeans into the administration but such as were absolutely necessary, and those few would be of the

"grande nation." That he should have a decided partiality for men and things of that people is natural enough, and he may certainly be described as the Frenchman of the family. He knows not a word of English, and he is the most un-English of them all. Amongst other characteristics the prince inherits from his father an extremely inquisitive spirit; he likes to know everything about everybody. Hence, perhaps, the general impression, which certainly does exist, that he is more *rusé* and *intrigant* than others of the family. But in reality outside his palace and his divan he is little known, and little spoken of.

All who are at all intimate with the prince speak in high terms of him, and are pleased to be in his society. He is also much liked by all who are in his service, since he is mindful of the welfare of all his dependants, and ready to listen to grievances. They find him just and considerate, and one who, having set his house in order, presides over it ably and without caprice.

We now come to the third son, who will always retain vivid recollections of the four years he spent in England, and whom nothing pleases better than to revisit the country which, to a very great extent, formed his character, and in which he has many friends and well-wishers. It was owing to a suggestion of the Prince of Wales that the Khedive adopted the idea of sending Hassan Pasha to Oxford, which he entered in the year rendered memorable by the opening of the Suez Canal. He had already been established for some months in London in charge of an English colonel, who first initiated him into the ways and manners of English society. At Oxford he was deservedly popular, for he threw himself heartily into the customs of undergraduate life, and rendered himself agreeable by his manners to all his acquaintance. He was also fortunate in being placed under the charge of a gentleman who was admirably suited to the post of governor, whether while steering him successfully through

Oxford, or while travelling on the Continent, and being introduced, with his pupil, to the novelties of an Egyptian home. At Christ Church the prince attended such lectures as were calculated to be most useful to one who knew but little English when he began his University career. He could write a very fair letter and speak our language well before (three years later) he entered the Sheldonian Theatre to be presented with his D.C.L.; and I believe I am right in saying that Professor Bonamy Price formed a very high opinion of his intellectual capacity during the hours that he devoted to Political Economy. In fact, he did all that could have been expected of the first Egyptian prince who studied on the banks of Isis; and mingled duty and pleasure in harmonious proportions. Perhaps no Turk could have more wisely carried out the injunctions of Plato (who by the way studied at only a few miles distance from Prince Hassan's palace in Egypt) to cultivate both "gymnastic" and "music" in due and proper measure.

Of all the Khedive's sons, Hassan is the only one who has ever developed or kept up in any degree a taste for manly exercises, or field-sports. It is true that in Egypt he conforms more than might have been expected to the exigencies of a pasha's life; but he delights to indulge in a hard gallop in the desert, to tent out for a few days' shooting where wild duck and snipe are to be found, and to talk over times and places in which he has tasted of such sports as sultry Egypt cannot afford. It was with Mr. John Fowler in Ross-shire that he killed his first deer. Of the hospitalities of the Duke of Sutherland his reminiscences must be vivid. Nor is he likely to forget the kindness that he received from the family of Dean Liddell, of whom he always speaks, as every Christ Church man should speak, with sincere respect and admiration.

In 1873 the prince quitted England and returned for a time to Egypt. The marriage festivities of the eldest sons took place at the same time, and

Hassan Pasha was married to Khadijeh Hanoum, daughter of Mohammed Ali Pasha, and granddaughter of his great namesake. A few months after, he was on his way to Berlin to study the arts of war in a dragoon regiment. His English training now stood him in good stead, and enabled him to enter with spirit into the duties of his new career. Personally liked by the Emperor and Empress, and popular with his brother officers, he had attained to the rank of major, when the Abyssinian campaign was organised under command of Ratib Pasha. Prince Hassan was at this time visiting Egypt on leave, and eager for excitement and distinction, he obtained (but not without considerable difficulty) the consent of the Khedive to accompany the expedition. Permission was received of the German Emperor, with an extension of leave, conditional upon his return to Berlin when the campaign should be ended. When, however, this war, disastrous to the Egyptians, and of which no correct account has as yet been given, was ignominiously terminated, the young prince did not return to Berlin according to the contract, or profit by the opportunity that was open to him of completing his military education. And this is all the more to be regretted, because a military profession was a judicious choice, and one for which Prince Hassan was naturally adapted, and also because recent events have shown how very much he might have gained by a longer training in so excellent a school.

The prince then remained in Cairo, and was appointed to preside over the war department, in succession to his brother Hussein.

The eulogium passed upon him by the Emperor William, and recorded in some Continental papers, was duly copied in large type by the Egyptian press for the benefit of its readers:—

"Je considère le Prince Hassan, qui sort du cadre de mes officiers de Dragon de la Garde, comme enfant de l'Allemagne, et un officier accompli;—il porte avec lui toutes les vertus et toutes les capacités qui sont le patrimoine d'un bon militaire."

We have next to glance at our war minister joining the Egyptian troops in the late war. The part played by the prince during the months spent in Turkey was not such as to cover him with glory. But if the achievements of the Egyptian contingent were not brilliant, it must be confessed that not much was expected of them, at least by Europeans in Egypt. Better indeed would it probably have been for all parties concerned had the peace-loving sons of the Nile valley been allowed to till their fertile fields at home instead of shivering ingloriously at Varna. Perhaps, however, the experience of the late war will not have been thrown away upon the prince.

The fourth son, Ibrahim Helmy Pasha, has had an altogether special training. He is the "*enfant gâté de la famille*," as the Khedive has often described him, and is the only surviving son of the Second Princess. Named a pasha at a very early age by the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, he was for many years in fear and trembling lest he should be selected for the non-avoidable distinction of son-in-law to that potentate. He is now in his twentieth year, and has lately entered Woolwich, where he certainly has the ability, if he have the will, to make a good use of his time. From the very first the Khedive decided to give him an English education, and there is no one to whom the young prince owes more than to the English general who, for the best part of five years' superintended and took part in his education. During this period the prince and his sister Zeynab were brought up almost entirely in the society of the general's family, returning to spend the night, and relate their new experiences, in the wondering, watchful harem. It was an interesting little party that used to drive up daily to the "English house," which was arranged alternately in the shady region of Shoubra in Cairo, on the breezy coast of Alexandria, and on the lovely gardened slopes of the Bosphorus. With the prince came

always his young companion, Abyssinian by birth, Turk by adoption, and now an English gentleman in manners; and with the princess came a charming little companion, Circassian by race, and now probably one of the best-educated women of Moslem Egypt, who lives to mourn the loss of the young Hanoum, to whom she was almost more than a sister. The Khedive believes that change and variety is profitable as well as charming. As soon as the five years were ended, another English gentleman was invited to succeed the general, and was installed with his wife and family of young children. The new governor remained only two years in Egypt, but during that time he devoted his utmost pains to the duties of his post, and left behind him a name that is respected by all who knew him. An English lady was at the same time summoned to Cairo and specially appointed to the charge of the young princess. A year, too, before the general's departure, another Englishman had been imported, for the express purpose of preparing the prince for Oxford, where it was the Khedive's intention that he should matriculate by examination, and not enter by the royal road, as his brother Hassan did. Indeed the prince had already begun to prepare for the university, according to the advice of a Russian vice-consul, by a study of modern Greek, under an Athenian gentleman resident in Egypt. It was a difficult as well as a delicate task to persuade the learned professor that the course required at Athens was not positively identical with that required at Oxford. But the prince set to work steadily at his Latin and Greek. Scarcely, however, had he clearly mastered the geographical divisions of all Gallia, and equipped himself for marching with the soldiers of the *Anabasis*, when the Khedive, who was by this time in a new mood, ordered the dead languages to be buried in oblivion, and decided that Woolwich would be a more desirable school than Christ Church. From this time the prince confined himself to a study

of English history and literature, to French, in which he studied history, geography, and mathematics, and to drawing; his Oriental studies in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, being of course continued side by side with them, and unremittingly. During several years, the prince worked with tolerable regularity, and his list of studies for the day was by no means a small one. In turn he has been destined for the navy, for Eton, for Oxford, and for Woolwich. Year after year he has been expecting to leave for England, and time after time his studies have been revolutionized to suit some new whim of the Khedive, who is seldom content to leave well alone. The Viceroy, too, found it hard to part with his favourite son, and for many years the mother's influence was thrown into the scale.

At last, in the spring of 1877, the young pasha was sent to England, to prepare for Woolwich, with a British artillery officer, duly attended by a Turkish pasha, an Egyptian bey, and a venerable doctor, who had watched over him from infancy. He is not, I think, intended by nature for a soldier; rather he should have been trained for diplomacy or finance. But he has fairly entered upon his military course (having been admitted into the Academy, but living apart in a private house), and is likely to do well. If the Khedive pursues his usual method, or rather want of method, he will recall the young prince from his present studies in the midst of his career, marry him to a cousin, and plant him in a luxurious palace upon his native soil. If he leaves him to complete the term at Woolwich, the prince, who has very great ability, will derive immense benefit from his life in England—and, it must be added, by his absence from his native land—and return to Egypt a useful and able member of society. He is already a good linguist, and he has some brilliant qualities. He inherits the intellectual vigour of his father, including a marvellous power of memory. And now we may say

good-bye to him, and wish him a very prosperous career.

The fifth son, Mahmoud Bey, who has not yet attained the dignity of pashadom, is in his nineteenth year. Of all the Khedive's sons this is the least promising, and the one who has most needed a strict discipline. Rumour asserts that those who have had charge of him have had no easy or enviable task. Sent at the age of eight or nine years to England, to the care of the Viceroy's agent, he was first placed with an English clergyman, who, had a reasonable time been allowed, would no doubt have laid the foundation of a good education. But after a short two years he was brought back to Egypt, where it was found that he had so far forgotten his native languages that he could not converse with his father, except through an interpreter in the shape of one of his brothers. Imperfect English was all that he knew, and was just what the Khedive did not know; but Turkish and Arabic had faded completely from his mind. When, goes the story, the Khedive spoke to him in Turkish, he turned to his brother and said, "Oh, tell him that I don't understand French!" The Khedive, however, was charmed with his manner, which was thoroughly English, and unlike the formal and distant etiquette which characterises the attitude of a son towards his father in the East. "That," exclaimed the Viceroy, "is the manner in which I should like to see my sons approach me."

Instead of returning to England the young Bey remained in Egypt, in order to regain a knowledge of Turkish and Arabic. A new establishment was formed, and a staff of "professors," as usual, appointed. But this school was soon broken up, and incorporated somewhat unsuccessfully with that of his brother Ibrahim. Poor Mahmoud Bey! his education has been much trifled with, and many of his shortcomings are attributable more to his misfortunes than to his faults. His misfortune is that the Khedive has talked of many excellent plans for

him, but has carried out none. Sometimes he has proposed the navy and an English training-ship; sometimes a strict Swiss school; but what he has really required, viz., the society of boys of his own age, he has never had. One fine day, whilst he was still at the "school," a sergeant from the Military College at Abbassieh, near Cairo, presented] himself, accompanied by a tailor. The prince was measured for a cadet's uniform, and marched off to enter upon a so-called military career. This soon proved to be a farce, and he was allowed to turn his back upon the college, neither wiser nor better than when he first entered it.

A few words will suffice in reference to the remaining sons of the Viceroy. Fuad Bey, the sixth son, is a charming and most intelligent boy of eleven. In the spring of last year he was taken (as were two of his cousins a year previously) to a school in Switzerland. A bright future ought to be before him. His education has begun early and seriously.

The youngest son (unless indeed there are others of whose existence the outer world is not yet aware), Ali Jemâl, is but a little boy. He may occasionally be seen in an open carriage, protected by one or more of those dark-hued individuals of the neuter gender who are in Egypt the most scrupulous of dandies; their collars being the whitest, their coats of the most fashionable cut, and their patent-leather boots a marvel to the red-slipped, shuffling fellah.

The briefest reference, too, must be made to a few other members of the family, within the narrow limits that the present space can afford.

The name of Abd-el-Halim, or Halim Pasha as he is generally called, is seldom heard in Egypt; and his party, —if such it can be called, and enthusiastic as it may be in his praise—must feel that the last hopes of seeing him established on the throne of the Pharaohs are now extinguished.

Zeynab Hanoum (youngest daughter of Mohammed Ali) is the wife of Kâmil Pasha, of Constantinople.

She occasionally visits Egypt, where she is received with the greatest honour and hospitality. She has no children.

Toussoun Pasha, only son of the late Viceroy Saïd Pasha, was of about the same age as Tewfik Pasha, and of a very amiable and retiring disposition, deservedly liked by his cousins and by all who knew him. He was brought up to speak English from infancy, and an English gentleman was attached to him for more than ten years. Well would it have been had the young prince been placed entirely under his control, and caused to alienate himself by study and foreign travel from the monotony and the vices of a luxurious harem. In 1873 he was married to Fatmeh Hanoum, second daughter of the Khedive, by whom he had two children. Previously to his marriage he had a family of three children. During the last few years of his life his chief delight was to escape from his palace and gallop after gazelles in the neighbouring desert. But his Egyptian training had little nerved him for such sports, and in the summer of 1876 he fell a victim to an illness which had long been creeping upon him.

The Khedive, it will be remembered, is one of three brothers. Ahmed Pasha, the eldest, was drowned in the Nile, leaving two sons and a daughter. The eldest of these, Ibrahim, is now about twenty-five years of age. Heir to the chief part of the enormous property of his father, he was brought up with the Viceroy's sons so far as to learn to speak French with some fluency. But his further education has been strangely and totally neglected, and he has been left without any persons fitted to control or assist in his studies and pursuits. It is another instance, where certainly it might have been least expected, of the incompleteness and inconsistency which characterize the work of the Khedive, in great and small matters alike. Over every member of the family in Egypt the Viceroy rules

supreme, and scarcely the most trivial details of household organization are ventured upon without consulting his will and pleasure. Prince Ibrahim, who is most amiable and kind-hearted, and a devoted admirer of England, laments much that he has not learned our language. No one more than himself regrets the hours and years that have flown unprofitably away. In 1874, he became the husband of Zeynab, the Khedive's third daughter, to whom allusion will presently be made: and who died in August 1875. The daughter Eyn-el-Heiat is married to the Viceroy's second son. Ahmed Bey, Ibrahim's younger brother, is destined for the army, and has for some years studied at the Military College of Abbassieh.

The Khedive's younger brother, Mustafa Fâzil Pasha, died at Constantinople in 1875, leaving a family of thirteen children. After their father's death these were all transported, together with their mothers (ten, it is said, in number) to Egypt, and distributed in various places in and around Cairo. Imagination must picture the fresh expenses entailed upon the Khedive by this extensive importation. Respecting the sons I am unable to say much from personal knowledge; but they contrast very unfavourably with the sons of the Viceroy. They speak French, and are supposed to belong to the "Young Turkey" party at Constantinople, of which there was once some talk. Some of the elder members of the family are married. Of the younger sons, some are placed in the Military Academy of Cairo, while others have been sent to schools in Switzerland. These last ought to do well, and to profit by the education which the Khedive is judiciously providing for them. There is no lack of ability among the elder sons, but they are little heard of in Egypt, where they have merely attained a certain reputation for free-thinking, and for an inclination to gaiety that is somewhat regardless of the drawbacks and consequences of debt. The daughters

are said to be very well educated and accomplished.

And now let us turn for a few moments to those high, stiff walls that form the material portion of the barrier which separates the ladies of the Harem from the bustle of the outer world. No attempt will be made to present a second-hand picture of the lives that are spent therein; for the veil of mystery has been raised of late years, and the poetry of imagination has been converted into prose. The inferences which Thackeray, travelling "from Cornhill to Cairo," recorded in a few plain-speaking sentences, have been found more true to life than the ideal visions of Lord Houghton's graceful verse. Of harem life in general, and that of Egypt in particular, we have a sufficiently ample library of trustworthy information. Those who have perused a modest selection from the better known of those 3,000 volumes which we are said to possess respecting the land of the Nile, from Mrs. Poole's *Englishwoman in Egypt* and Miss Martineau's *Egypt Past and Present*, down to more recent works, will have derived from them a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the interior of a Turkish Pasha's home, as revealed in this and other parts of the Ottoman empire. Our informants are not only persons who have been allowed to pass the barrier, and to witness what is only rehearsed behind the scenes of the great stage which all the world is said to constitute; but in some cases have been the players themselves.¹ It may be assumed, therefore, that we are all tolerably acquainted with the general characteristics of a Seraglio. What will interest all to know is how far the outlines of this picture, true of the past, are being modified in the present. There is one point upon which all seem to be agreed, that no real advance can be made by races subject to Islam until the position of women is raised. Like almost all the

¹ *Thirty Years in the Harem*, by Madame Kubrizli Pasha.

leading doctrines of civilisation, this truth has been enunciated by the Khedive. There are many would-be reformers of the Muslim world who profess this doctrine, but who take no steps to contribute towards the desired end. But we are here concerned with one who has had not only the will, but the power, to inaugurate a great reform. And if a satisfactory answer can be given to the question we here touch upon, it will afford important evidence to those who seek to know how far Egypt is tending *in reality* to merge itself in that Europe of which the Khedive has lately said that it forms a part. There are persons who could give a far more detailed answer than can here be attempted. There are English ladies who have been entrusted with the education of the Khedive's daughters, and who have spent years within, as well as without, the precincts of the harem. They could tell us much that would be extremely interesting, in addition to, and apart from, what has been already over-written. M. Taine has praised that English habit according to which so many of us record in diaries our experiences of foreign lands for the benefit of our friends, and it may be often of the public at home; and if what he says of such journals in general be true, how much more might be said in the case of those who have had exceptional advantages of observing what is hidden so mysteriously from the outer world. But to deal with the subject is doubtless a delicate task for those who have occupied these posts, and who might feel tempted to enlighten us; and they have, perhaps, refrained from giving us pictures of the inner life from a fear lest they might wound the susceptibilities of those with whom they have been associated. Here and there indeed books have been published professing to give a true picture of Viceregal Harem life in Egypt; but unfortunately they have been conspicuous for bad taste and inaccuracy, and have furnished internal evidence of the unamiable spirit which inspired

their composition. Hence, perhaps, others who would have been our best informants have remained silent; since those whom they served might not be able to distinguish clearly between the motives and tone that are to be traced in one book or another.

The Khedive has paid attention to the training of his daughters as well as of his sons. It has sometimes been remarked by travellers that when speaking of the education of his sons, he has corrected himself, and substituted the word *family*. Nor must it be supposed that the Khedive stands alone in this respect. The daughters of his uncle Halim Pasha, and of his late brothers, Ahmed and Mustafa, and of his cousin, El-Hâmi Pasha, have been admirably brought up, and speak French, and, in some cases, English, fluently. One daughter of Halim Pasha, who died at an early age, is said to have been most accomplished. Nazleh Hanoum, the wife of Khalil Sherif Pasha, who still retains the services of an English lady, can write, read, and speak our language. In fact, not to have received a European education is now the exception, not the rule.

To the outward observer, indeed, no great changes are visible. It is true that the *yashmak*, or veil, has become lighter, and more transparent; the carriage windows larger and less curtained. More than this, travellers of last winter have noticed how, at a watering-place a few miles from Cairo, one of the Egyptian princesses drove her own pony-carriage, and even walked, unveiled, with her European physician. But though other proofs are not wanting of a tendency to claim more freedom than is yet allowed, the isolation remains practically the same; and it is not for outward signs that one must look at the present time. But that remarkable changes have been already accomplished there can be no manner of doubt; and to those who look below the surface the future is full of hope. One must not suppose that these changes have been effected without considerable opposition. It is said

that the Khedive's mother, whose influence is of course great, is a stern conservative of the old school, who watches with no approving eye the signs of the times. In many cases we may imagine that the greatest opponents of the new order of things were the princesses themselves. Amongst the fallacies commonly held with regard to the women of the East must be classed that which would represent them as burning with envy for the freedom of the West. So far from feeling themselves deserving of our pity, they rather pity European women from the bottom of their hearts; judging of them and of their freedom, as they so often do, from false examples, amidst the bliss of ignorance which they themselves enjoy. And another fallacy is that which tends to under-rate the influence of women. Often it is greatest where it might be supposed to be least; and many a lord of the harem may be pointed out as a living example, by those who assert that in the East there are more hen-pecked husbands than amongst our civilised selves.

In the list of the Khedive's family will be seen the name of the Princess Zeynab, who died shortly after her marriage in 1875. Her untimely death is much to be regretted; for upon her education the greatest pains were bestowed; and had she lived she would probably have been instrumental in advancing energetically the work that has been begun. Close to the venerable mosque of Sultan Hassan rises the vast temple of Rufai, which the mother of the Khedive is building, as a monument of her piety, and as her own last resting-place. Alas! it has already become a tomb, and many a European has made a pilgrimage to a silent chamber of the unfinished building, in which her granddaughter's marble sepulchre is encased by rich cashmere. Till within a year of her marriage she had been brought up in the society of English families. She is said to have been the favourite daughter of the Viceroy, who watched with the greatest interest the result

of her education, and felt her loss very bitterly. In speaking of her he always attributed the good that was in her to the influence of the English ladies to whose care she had been committed; one of whom was her constant companion in the harem after her marriage, and up to the time of her death.

The present generation has thus consented to relinquish many time-honoured customs, and smiles at many of the superstitions and prejudices of the past. New interests have been awakened, and ideas of dignity are becoming changed. The characteristics of a great lady, or Hanoum, are henceforth not those of past times, but tend more and more to consist in an approximation to the customs and accomplishments of the West. If there is not a sort of rivalry as to who shall take the lead in this direction, there is at any rate a desire not to fall behind the standard which the present Khedive has succeeded in establishing. Those who feel themselves behind the times are in some cases said to be devoting time and trouble to self-imposed tasks. It is difficult to believe that all this will stop here. The Khedive himself is said to have expressed regret that he cannot initiate more sweeping reforms; and although the words of the Viceroy are not always to be taken in their literal interpretation, there is much reason to suppose that these are sentiments which he would perhaps, more than any Moslem ruler, desire posterity to put into practice. A distinction may be drawn between what the Khedive would be content to approve of, and that which he would feel justified in putting into practice himself. And this reminds us to say one word on the subject of polygamy, which, as Mr. Bosworth Smith tells us, "next to caste is the most blighting institution to which a nation can become a prey. It pollutes society at the fountain head, for the family is the source of all political and of all social virtues. Mohammed would have doubled the debt of gratitude the Eastern world

owes to him had he swept it away; but he could not have done so, even if he had fully seen its evils. It is not fair to represent polygamy as a part of Mohammedism, any more than it is fair to represent slavery as a part of Christianity." Now at polygamy in Egypt, the Khedive, though very "much married" himself, has aimed a decided blow. His sons are the husbands of one wife only, and it is needless to say that in their respective harems his married daughters hold an undivided sway. The example set by the princes of Egypt will, and no doubt does, find many followers; and amongst the people of the country, in Egypt as in Turkey, much as there is to reform as regards the laws of marriage and divorce, polygamy is the exception, not the rule. As to slavery, it must be admitted that the Khedive has, on the *video meliora* principle, laid down many admirable rules for the rising generation, even if he has not manifested any impatience to set the example himself. Nevertheless, slavery is diminishing, and must inevitably before long be swept away from the country. And that Egyptians are being well trained to take the place of slaves, certain schools in Egypt would seem to show. "Let the fellah girls," said the Khedive to Mr. De Leon, "be educated, and taught the duties of cleanliness and household virtues, and we can do away with the slaves, who are a great expense and a great nuisance."

Sir Charles Reed has lately expressed his opinion that "the schools on the banks of the Nile are likely to win considerable distinction."¹ Let it be remembered that these schools are now for girls as well as boys. There is no institution in Egypt more interesting than the girls' school, which owes its existence to the Third Princess. This high school, which provides varied instruction for 300 pupils of all classes, has been described in all the more recent books on Egypt. As a proof of its importance to Egypt, we may

¹ Speech in the theatre of the Society of Arts, October 8, 1878.

refer to the following passage in Mr. McCoan's *Egypt as it is*² :—

"The great success of this first effort to rescue Egyptian womanhood from the ignorance and apathy of harem life, and so to lay the true foundations of a really national education, soon led to the opening of a second school with a less extensive course, mostly with a view to domestic service, in another part of the capital where, under a staff of nine teachers, of whom the directress and one mistress are Europeans, 147 pupils (76 boarders and 71 outsiders) were last year maintained and instructed at the charge of the Khedive's first wife. Both these institutions, adequately endowed by their foundresses, are now under the control of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and rank among the most flourishing and important of the schools of Egypt. A third is in course of erection, and will be at work before the close of the present year; and in compliance with numerous petitions, arrangements are in progress to open others in the chief provincial towns. In fact, popular prejudice has been completely overcome, and if this movement in favour of female education be continued, as there is every reason to hope it will, in another generation, the most essential of eastern reforms—the social emancipation of women—will in Egypt be an accomplished fact."

There was a rumour lately that economy would necessitate the closing of these schools. But the character of Mr. Rivers Wilson and of Nubar Pasha are too well known to permit us to believe that they would sanction the extinction of one of Egypt's most promising institutions, even if the Khedive should decline any longer to provide the funds. The good work by which Miss Whately is immortalizing her name in Egypt has already produced greater results than she herself may imagine. There can be no doubt that the idea of the schools which Mohammedan princesses have now founded has been borrowed from her. To the Khedive and to the princesses belong the credit of having founded, and rendered as successful as they undoubtedly are, the schools just mentioned; to Miss Whately that of having previously shown how much could be achieved in this direction by a stranger in the land. It is a most interesting fact that two princesses of Egypt, who were in former days jealously opposed to innovations, are

² P. 218.

now known and spoken of as the founders of the first girls' school that the Ottoman world has seen.

But the hopeful views that have been here taken are by no means shared by all. Many will say that the changes which the Viceroy has effected are merely upon the surface; that the sentiments and habits of those who have been "educated" are, and will remain, essentially unchanged. What good, they ask, is effected by the putting on of European apparel, and by acquiring a smattering of French? As soon as the Hanoums begin to profit by and appreciate their new life, they are shut up for ever within their prison walls, and relapse only too easily into the indolence and apathy of those around them. The sum of the argument, with those who take the gloomy view, is that the hopeless degradation of women results from and will co-exist with the religion of the Prophet. With these pessimist opinions I see no reason to concur. Rather, there is good cause for hoping that the work which has been begun by the Khedive will be continued in the higher strata of society, and extend surely and gradually over the country at large. His object has been not to effect great changes to be seen of men, but to inaugurate a silent revolution in the interior of the Egyptian home. He has by no means shown himself impatient, in this particular respect, to march too quickly for the times, or to break down the barriers which the Prophet has sanctioned for the benefit of the jealous husbands of the East. But he has consistently encouraged within the seclusion of the harem the education of his daughters, and of those who are to be the wives and consorts of his sons, nephews, and cousins. He has recognised that it is of no advantage that the wife should be kept in a state of intellectual degradation, which presents, amongst other drawbacks, an often fatal obstacle to the healthy education of her sons. His desire has been that his daughters should meet on more equal terms the

ladies of the European world; that the princesses and ladies of Egypt should not be inferior in mental culture, as they certainly are not in dignity and grace of manner, to their sisters of the West. And, last and best of all, he desires that what he is effecting in his own household should find its counterpart in the country at large. Various reasons might be adduced (without arguing, as some do, that the Egyptian is lukewarm in his religion) for holding that Egypt is specially adapted for taking, or rather for continuing to maintain, the lead in Mohammedan countries. It is a country where experiments of civilisation are easily tried; where a docile and imitative race yields to the inevitable with resignation, and where no wildly fanatical elements exist to arrest the slow but steady progress of innovations seasonably introduced. If we endeavour to look into a distant future, we shall agree that the fittest laws of society are those which will ultimately prevail. If we look less far we may with ease foresee the period in which the Kuran will not be to its faithful readers as is the Kuran of to-day, and in which there will be a wider distinction between civil and canonic laws. If we look to the present hour we may, I think, say that as much has been accomplished as could have been reasonably expected within the given period of years. This is chiefly due to the Khedive, and to certain members of his family; and praise should be given where it is due. As "most probably the Suez Canal and the other great public works will record the enterprise of the Khedive Ismail, long after his loans and the Egyptian debt have been forgotten,"¹ so too will the impulse that he has given to education, amongst the highest and the lowest, to male and female alike, be one of the distinguishing marks of his reign. Here we may confidently predict that much of the good that he has done will live after him, even if all the evil is not interred with his bones.

To return, in conclusion, to the sons

¹ *The Khedive's Egypt*, p. 157.

of the Viceroy. In the remarks that have been made, there has been no desire to bring into prominence the more favourable points of view; and if written in an optimist spirit, they at any rate express the honestly-formed convictions of the writer; which again are based upon a fairly intimate acquaintance with most of the personages to whom they allude. His conviction is that the Khedive is fortunate in his sons. It is for them to justify the good opinion which, it may fairly be said, is entertained of them, both in their own country, and by others amongst whom they have sojourned. There is sufficient reason to hope that they will leave an honourable name upon the page which records the annals of the present dynasty. They have not been so altogether reared in boundless luxury as some people would imagine. But they have certainly been accustomed to golden visions of the future, of which the present position of affairs will have somewhat diminished the splendour. The lesson, if such it be, has come at an opportune moment, just as they are starting in public life; possessing, as they do, a wonderful faculty of adapting themselves to any circumstances in which they may be placed. Their respective careers will be watched with much interest during the new era which, it is said, is about to dawn upon Egypt. In whatever position they may be placed, they will have the power of doing a vast amount of good. And one cannot converse with the princes without feeling convinced that they sincerely desire to become useful members of the governing body. It may be said that their professed motto is, like that of Nubar Pasha, "Egypt for the Egyptians." They recognise, perhaps more clearly than their sire, that it is only through intimate contact with

worthy representatives of European civilisation that the welfare of their native land can be acquired and secured. Mr. Freeman has spoken in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* of Sicilian history as being "a history of deliverances." The history of Egypt may be defined as one of successive bondages. It has for ever repeated itself under fresh taskmasters, who have preached deliverance and practised oppression. Last, and worst of all, has come the Turk, who cannot indeed prevent the Nile from rising, but who has done his best to desolate and degrade the land. The golden soil and the marvel of the Nile have ever, as sings the Arab rhyme, belonged by destiny to him whose right is might. Let us hope that now at last the hour of deliverance, in some beneficial sense of the term, has come.

An attempt has here been made to do justice to the Khedive as the father of a family of whom he may be justly proud. Beyond these limits there has been no desire to stray. In concluding I may well quote the words which were used by a high European official to another European who had lately seen much of the Khedive and his family. The latter had been dilating upon the good qualities of Ismail Pasha, and especially eulogising the manner in which he had laboured to promote the material welfare of his sons and daughters. "What you say," replied the former, "is all very well; but you will allow me to suggest that the ruler of a country should be also the father of his people, and not the least important members of his family are the five millions of Egyptians over whom he rules."

ROLAND L. N. MICHELL.

CAIRO, January, 1879.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A SEED SOWN."

THERE had been, as it seemed, a lull in the storm. The idlers did not come over from Molton and Dillup as often as they had done at first. The strikes had extended until they were in full blast throughout the country, but Haworth's, so far, had held its own. Haworth himself was regarded as a kind of demi-god. He might have done almost anything he pleased. It was a source of some surprise to his admirers that he chose to do so little and showed no elation. One or two observing outsiders saw that his struggle had left its mark upon him. There were deep lines in his face; he had lost flesh and something of his air of bravado; at times he was almost haggard. As things became quieter he began to take sudden mysterious journeys to London and Manchester and various other towns. Ffrench did not know why he went; in fact, Ffrench knew very little of him, but that his humours were frequently trying and always more morose after such absences. He himself had alternately blown hot and cold. Of late the fruit of his efforts had rather the flavour of ashes. He was of even less importance than before in the Works, and he continually heard unpleasant comments and reports outside. As surely as his spirits rose to a jubilant height, some untoward circumstance occurred to dash them.

"I should have thought," he said fretfully to his daughter, "that as a Broxton man and—a gentleman, the people would have been with me, but they are not."

"No," said Miss Ffrench, "they are not."

She knew far more than he did himself. She was not in the habit of

allowing any sign to escape her. When she took her frequent drives she kept her eyes open to all that happened.

"If they dared, there are a good many of them who would be insolent to me."

"Why should they not dare?" asked her father with increased irritation.

"Because they know I am not afraid of them—because I set them at defiance; and for another reason."

The other reason, which she did not state, had nothing to do with their daring. It was the strong one that in the splendour of her beauty she had her greatest power. Ordinary womanhood would scarcely in itself have appealed to the chivalric sentiment of Broxton, Molton, and Dillup; but Rachel Ffrench, driving slowly through the streets, and past the "beer-house" doors, and turning her perfect, unmoved face for criticism to the crowd collected thereat, created a natural diversion. Those who had previously been in a sarcastic mood, lapsed into silence; the most inveterate 'bacco consumers took their pipes out of their mouths, feeling it necessary to suspend all action that they might look after her with a clearer appreciation. They were neither touched nor softened, but they were certainly roused to an active admiration which, after a manner, held them in check.

"Theer is na another loike her i' England," was once remarked rather sullenly by one. "Not i' England, let alone Lancashire—an' be dom'd to her,"—this last added with a shade of delicate significance.

But there was one man who saw her with eyes different from the rest. If he had not so seen her, existence would have been another matter. He seemed to live a simple, monotonous life. He held his place in the Works, and did

well what he had to do. He was not very thoroughly understood by his fellows, but there existed a vague feeling of respect for him among them. They had become used to his silence and absent-mindedness, and the tasks which seemed to them eccentricities. His responsibilities had increased, but he shouldered them without making any fuss, and worked among the rest just as he had been wont to do when he had been Floxham's right hand in the engine-room. In more select circles he was regarded, somewhat to his distaste, with no inconsiderable interest. He was talked of privately as a young man with a future before him, though the idea of what that future was to be, being gathered from Ffrench, was somewhat indefinite. His own reserve upon the subject was rather resented, but still was forgiven on the score of eccentricity. For the rest, he lived, as it were, in a dream. The days came and went, but at the close of each there were at least a few hours of happiness.

And yet it was not happiness of a very tangible form. Sometimes, when he left the house and stepped into the cool darkness of the night outside, he found himself stopped for a moment with a sense of bewilderment. Haworth, who had sat talking to his partner and following Rachel Ffrench's figure with devouring eyes, had gained as much as he himself. She had not spoken often, perhaps, and had turned from one to the other with the same glance and tone, but one man left her with anger and misery in his breast, and the other wondered at his own rapture.

"I have done nothing and gained nothing," the young fellow would often say to himself as he sat at the work-table afterward, "but—I am madly happy."

And then he would lie forward with his head upon his folded arms, going over the incidents of the night again and again—living the seconds over, one by one.

Haworth watched him closely in

these days. As he passed him on his way to his work-room, he would look up and follow him with a glance until he turned in at its door. He found ways of hearing of his life outside and of his doings in the Works.

One morning, as he was driving down the road toward the town, he saw in the distance the graceful figure of Mr. Briarley, who was slouching along in the somewhat muddled condition consequent upon the excitement of an agreeably convivial evening at the "Who'd ha' Thowt it."

He gave him a critical glance, and the next moment whipped up his horse, uttering an exclamation.

"There's th' chap," he said, "by th' Lord Harry!"

In a few seconds more he pulled up alongside of him.

"Stop a bit, lad," he said.

Mr. Briarley hesitated, and then obeyed, with some suddenness. A delicately suggestive recollection of "th' barrels" induced him to do so. He ducked his head with a feeble smile, whose effect was somewhat obscured by a temporary cloud of natural embarrassment. He had not been brought into immediate contact with Haworth since the strikes began.

"Th' same," he faltered, with illusive cheerfulness,—"th' same to yo', an'—an' mony on 'em."

Then he paused and stood, holding his hat in his hand, endeavouring painfully to preserve the smile in all its pristine beauty of expression.

Haworth leaned forward in his gig.

"You're a nice chap," he said.

"You're a nice chap."

A general vague condition of mind betrayed Mr. Briarley into the momentary weakness of receiving this compliment literally. He brightened perceptibly, and his countenance became suffused with the roseate blush of manly modesty.

"My best days is ower," he replied. "I've been misforchnit, Mester—but theer wur a toime as th' opposite sect ha' said th' same—

though that theer's a thing," reflecting deeply and shaking his head, "as I niver remoid Sararann on."

The next moment he fell back in some trepidation. Haworth looked down at him coolly.

"You're a pretty chap," he said, "goin' on th' strike an' leaving your wife and children to starve at home, while you lay in your beer and make an ass of yourself."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Briarley.

"And make an ass of yourself," repeated Haworth, unmovedly. "You'd better be drawin' your wages, my lad."

Mr. Briarley's expression changed. From bewilderment he passed into comparative gloom.

"It is na drawin' 'em I've gotten owt agen," he remarked. "It is na drawin' 'em. It's earnin' 'em,—an' ha'in' 'em took away an'—an' spent i' luxuries—berryin'—clubs an' th' loike. Brass as ud buy th' nessycerries."

"If we'd left you alone," said Haworth, "where would your wife and children be now, you scoundrel? Who's fed 'em and clothed 'em while you've been on th' spree? Jem Haworth, blast you!—Jem Haworth."

He put his hand in his pocket, and, drawing forth a few jingling silver coins, tossed them to him.

"Take these," he said, "an' go an' spend 'em on th' 'necessyceries,' as you call 'em. You'll do it, I know well enow. You'll be in a worse box than you are now, before long. We'll have done with you chaps when Murdoch's finished the job he's got on hand."

"What's that?" faltered Briarley. "I ha' na heard on it!"

Haworth laughed and picked up his whip and reins.

"Ask him," he answered. "He can tell you better than I can. He's at work on a thing that'll set the masters a good bit freer than they are now. That's all I know. There won't be any need o' so many o' you lads. You'll have to make your brass out of a new trade."

He bent a little to settle a strap.

"Go and tell the rest on 'em," he said. "You'll do it when you're drunk enow, I dare say."

Briarley fumbled with his coins. His air became speculative.

"What are you thinkin' on?" demanded Haworth. "It's a bad look-out, isn't it?"

Mr. Briarley drew a step nearer the gig's side. He appeared somewhat pale, and spoke in a whisper. Muddled as he was, he had an idea or so left.

"It'll be a bad look-out for him," he said. "Bless yo'! They'd tear him to pieces. They're in th' humour for it. They've been carryin' a grudge so long they're ready fur owt. They've niver thowt mich o' him, though, but start em' on that an' they wouldn't leave a shred o' it together—nor a shred o' him, eyther, if they got the chance."

Haworth laughed again.

"Wouldn't they?" he said. "Let 'em try. He'd have plenty to stand by him. Th' masters are on his side, my lad."

He touched his horse, and it began to move. Suddenly he checked it and looked back, speaking again.

"Keep it to yourself, then," he said, "if there's danger, and keep my name out of it, by George, if you want to be safe!"

Just as he drove up to the gates of the yard Murdoch passed him and entered them. Until then—since he had left Briarley—he had not spoken. He had driven rapidly on his way with a grim, steady face. As Murdoch went by he got down from his gig, and went to the horse's head. He stood close to it, knotting the reins.

"Nor of him either," he said. "Nor of him either, by——"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"A CLIMAX."

THE same night Mr. Briarley came home in a condition more muddled and dishevelled than usual. He looked

as if he had been hustled about and somewhat unceremoniously treated. He had lost his hat, and was tremulous and excited. He came in without the trifling ceremony of opening the door. In fact, he fell up against it and ran in, and making an erratic dive at a chair, sat down. Granny Dixon, who had been dozing in her usual seat, was roused by the concussion and awakened and sat up, glaring excitedly.

"He's been at it agen!" she shouted. "At it agen! He'll niver ha' none o' my brass to mak' way wi'. He's been at——"

Mrs. Briarley turned upon her.

"Keep thy mouth shut!" she said.

The command was effective in one sense, though not in another. Mrs. Dixon stopped in the midst of the word "at" with her mouth wide open, and so sat for some seconds, with the aspect of an ancient beldame ordinarily going by machinery and suddenly having had her works stopped.

She would probably have presented this appearance for the remainder of the evening if Mrs. Briarley had not addressed her again.

"Shut thy mouth!" she said.

The works were set temporarily in motion, and her countenance slowly resumed its natural lines. She appeared to settle down all over and sink and become smaller, though, as she crouched nearer the fire, she had rather an evil look, which seemed to take its red glow into her confidence and secretly rage at it.

"What's tha' been doin'?" Mrs. Briarley demanded of her better half. "Out wi' it!"

Mr. Briarley had already fallen into his favourite position. He had placed an elbow upon each knee and carefully supported his dishevelled head upon his hands. He had also already begun to shed tears, which dropped and made disproportionately large circles upon the pipe-clayed floor.

"I'm a misforchnit chap," he said. "I'm a misforchnit chap, Sararann, as niver had no luck."

"What's tha been doin'?" repeated Mrs. Briarley, with even greater sharpness than before; "out wi' it!"

"Nay," said Mr. Briarley, "that theer's what I've gotten mysen i' trouble wi'. I wunnot do it agen."

"Theer's summat i' beer," he proceeded, mournfully, "as goes agen a man. He tow'd me not to say nowt an' I did na mean to, but," with fresh pathos, "theer's summat i' beer as winds—as winds a chap up. I'm not mich o' th' speakin' loine, Sararann, but afore I knowed it, I wur a-makin' a speech—an' when I bethowt me an' wanted to set down—they wur bound to mak' me—go on to th' eend—an' when I would na—theer wur a good bit—o' public opinion igspressed—an' I did na stop—to bid 'em good-neet. Theer wur too much agoin' on."

"What wur it aw about?" asked Mrs. Briarley.

But Mr. Briarley's voice had been gradually becoming lower and lower, and his words more incoherent. He was sinking into slumber. When she repeated her question, he awakened with a violent start.

"I'm a misforchnit chap," he murmured, "an' I dunnot know. 'Scaped me, Sararann—owin' to misforchins."

"Eh!" remarked Mrs. Briarley, regarding him with connubial irony, "but tha art a graidely foo'! I'd gie summat to see a graidelier un!"

But he was so far gone by this time that there was no prospect of a clear solution of the cause of his excitement. And so she turned to Granny Dixon.

"It's toime fur thee to be i' bed," she shouted.

Granny Dixon gave a sharp, stealthy move round, and a sharp stealthy glance up at her.

"I—dunnot want to go," she quavered shrilly.

"Aye, but tha does," was the answer. "An' tha't goin' too. Get up, Missus."

And singularly enough, Mrs. Dixon fumbled until she found her stick, and

gathering herself up and leaning upon it, made her rambling way out of the room carrying her evil look with her.

"Bless us!" Mrs. Briarley had said in confidence to a neighbour a few days before. "I wur nivver more feart i' my life than when I'd done it, an' th' owd besom set theer wi' her cap o' one side an' her breath gone. I did na know but I'd put an eend to her. I nivver should ha' touched her i' th' world if I had na been that theer upset as I did na know what I wur doin'." I thowt she'd be up an' out i' the street as soon as she'd gotten her breath an', happen, ca' on th' porlice. An' to think it's been th' settlin' on her! It feart me to see it at th' first, but I wur na goin' to lose th' chance an' the next day I give it to her up an' down—tremblin' i' my shoes aw th' toime. I says 'tha may leave thy brass to who tha loikes, but tha't behave thyssen while tha stays here or Sararann Brarley'll see about it. So mak' up thy moind.' An' I've nivver had a bit o' trouble wi' her fro' then till now. She conna bide th' sight o' me, but she dare na go agen me fur her life."

The next day Haworth went away upon one of his mysterious journeys.

"To Leeds or Manchester, or perhaps London," said Ffrench. "I don't know where."

The day after was Saturday, and in the afternoon Janey Briarley presented herself to Mrs. Murdoch at an early hour, and evidently with something on her mind.

"I mun get through wi' th' cleanin' an' go whoam soon," she said. "Th' stroikers is over fro' Molton an' Dillup agen. Theer's summat up among 'em."

"We dunnot know nowt about it," she answered, when further questioned. "We on'y know they're here an' i' a ill way about summat they've fun out. Feyther, he's aw upset, but he dare na nowt fur fear o' the Union. Mother thinks they've gotten summat agen Ffrench."

"Does Mr. Ffrench know that?" Mrs. Murdoch asked.

"He'll know it soon enow, if he does na," drily. "They'll noan stand back at tellin' him if they're i' th' humour—but he's loiker to know than not. He's too feart on 'em not to be on th' watch."

It was plain enough before many hours had passed that some disturbance was on foot. The strikers gathered about the streets in groups, or lounged here and there sullenly. They were a worse-looking lot than they had been in the outset. Idleness and ill-feeling and dissipation had left their marks. Clothes were shabbier, faces more brutal and habits plainly more vicious.

At one o'clock Mr. Ffrench disappeared from his room at the bank. No one knew exactly how or when. All the morning he had spent in vacillating between his desk and a window looking into the street. There was a rumour among the clerks that he had been seen vanishing through a side door leading into a deserted little back street.

An hour later he appeared in the parlour in which his daughter sat. He was hot and flurried and out of breath.

"Those scoundrels are in the town again," he said. "And there is no knowing what they are up to. It was an insane thing for Haworth to go away at such a time. By night there will be an uproar."

"If there is an uproar," said Miss Ffrench, "they will come here. They know they can do nothing at the Works. He is always ready for them there—and they are angrier with you than they are with him."

"There is no reason why they should be," Ffrench protested. "I took no measures against them, Heaven knows."

"I think," returned Rachel, "that is the reason. You have been afraid of them."

He coloured to the roots of his hair.

"You are saying a deuced unpleasant thing, my dear," he broke forth.

"It is true," she answered. "What would be the use in *not* saying it?"

He had no reply to make. The trouble was that he never had a reply to make to these deadly simple statements of hers.

He began to walk up and down the room.

"The people we invited to dine with us," she said, "will not come. They will hear what is going on and will be afraid. It is very stupid."

"I wonder," he faltered, "if Murdoch will fail us. He never did before."

"No," she answered. "*He* will not stay away."

The afternoon dragged away its unpleasant length. As it passed Ffrench found in every hour fresh cause for nervousness and excitement. The servant, who had been out, brought disagreeable enough tidings. The small police force of the town had its hands full in attending to its business of keeping order.

"If we had had time to send to Manchester for some assistance," said Mr. Ffrench.

"That would have been reason enough for being attacked," said Rachel. "It would have shown them that we felt we needed protection."

"We *may* need it before all is quiet again," retorted her father.

"We may," she answered, "or we may not."

By night several arrests had been made, and there was a good deal of disorder in the town. A goodly quantity of beer had been drunk, and there had been a friendly fight or so between the strikers themselves.

Rachel left her father in the drawing-room and went up stairs to prepare for dinner. When she returned an hour afterward he turned to her with an impatient start.

"Why did you dress yourself in that manner?" he exclaimed. "You said yourself our guests would not come."

"It occurred to me," she answered, "that we might have visitors after all."

But it was as she had prophesied,—the guests they had expected did not come. They were discreet and well-regulated elderly people who had lived long in the manufacturing districts, and had passed through little unpleasantnesses before. They knew that under existing circumstances it would be wiser to remain at home than to run the risk of exposing themselves to spasmodic criticism and its results.

But they had visitors.

The dinner hour passed and they were still alone. Even Murdoch had not come. A dead silence reigned in the room. Ffrench was trying to read and not succeeding very well. Miss Ffrench stood by the window looking out. It was a clear night and the moon was at full; it was easy to see far up the road, upon whose whiteness the trees cast black shadows. She was looking up this road toward the town. She had been watching it steadily for some time. Once her father had turned to her restlessly, saying—

"Why do you stand there? You— you might be expecting something to happen."

She did not make any reply and still retained her position. But about half-an-hour afterward she turned suddenly, and spoke in a low, clear tone.

"If you are afraid, you had better go away," she said. "They are coming."

It was evident that at least she felt no alarm, though there was a thrill of excitement in her voice. Mr. Ffrench sprang up from his seat.

"They are coming!" he echoed.

"Good God! What do you mean?"

It was not necessary that she should enter into an explanation. A clamour of voices in the road told its own story. There were shouts and riotous cries which, in a moment more, were no longer outside the gates, but within them. An uproarious crowd of men and boys poured into the garden, trampling the lawn and flower-beds beneath their feet as they rushed and stumbled over them.

"Wheer is he?" they shouted. "Bring the chap out, an' let's tak' a look at him. Bring him out!"

Ffrench moved toward the door of the room, and then, checked by some recollection, turned back again.

"Good Heaven!" he said, "they are at their worst, and here we are utterly alone. Why did Haworth go away! Why——"

His daughter interrupted him.

"There is no use in your staying," she said. "It will do no good. You may go if you like. There is the back way. None of them are near it."

"I—I can't leave you here," he stammered. "Haworth was mad! Why, in Heaven's name——"

"There is no use asking why again," she replied. "I cannot tell you. I think you had better go."

Her icy coldness would have been a pretty hard thing to bear if he had been less terror-stricken; but he saw that the hand with which she held the window-curtain was shaking.

He did not know, however, that it was not shaking with fear, but with the power of the excitement which stirred her.

It is scarcely possible that he would have left her, notwithstanding his panic, though, for a second, it nearly seemed that he had so far lost self-control as to be wavering; but as he stood, pale and breathless, there arose a fresh yell.

"Wheer is he! Bring him out! Murdoch, th' 'Merican chap! We're coom to see him!"

"What's that?" he asked. "Who is it they want?"

"Murdoch! Murdoch!" was shouted again. "Let's ha' a word wi' Murdoch! We lads ha' summat to say to him."

"It is not me they want," he said. "It is Murdoch. Is is not me at all."

She dashed the window-curtain aside and turned on him. He was stunned by the mere sight of her face. Every drop of blood seemed driven from it.

"You are a coward!" she cried, panting. "A coward! It is a relief to you!"

He stood staring at her.

"A—a relief!" he stammered. "I—don't understand you. What is the matter?"

She had recovered herself almost before she had begun to speak. It was over in a second. He had not had time to realise the situation before she was moving toward the window.

"They shall see *me*," she said. "Let us see what they will have to say to *me*."

He would have stopped her, but she did not pay the slightest attention to his exclamation. The window was a French one, opening upon a terrace. She flung it backward, and stepped out and stood before the rioters.

And for a second there was not a sound.

They had been expecting to see a man,—perhaps Ffrench, perhaps Murdoch, perhaps even a representative of the small police force, looking as if he felt himself one too many in the gathering, or not quite enough,—and here was simply a tall young woman in a dazzling dress of some rich white stuff, and with something sparkling upon her hands and arms and in her high-dressed blonde hair.

The moonlight struck full upon her, and she stood in it serenely and bore unmoved the stupid stare of all their eyes. It was she who spoke first, and then they knew her, and the spell which held them dumb was broken.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "I should like to hear."

Then they began to shout again.

"We want Murdoch!" they said. "We ha' summat to say to him."

"He is not here," she said. "He has not been here."

"That's a lee," remarked a gentleman on the outskirts of the crowd. "A dom'd un."

She made no answer, and, singularly enough, nobody laughed.

"Why," she said next, "do you want him?"

"We want to hear about that contrapshun o' his as is goin' to mak' th' mesters independant. He knows what we want him fur. We've just been to

his house and broken th' winders. He's gotten wind on us comin', an' he made off wi' th' machine. He'll be here afore long if he is na here now, an' we're bound to see him."

"He'll be up to see thee," put in the gentleman on the outskirts, "an' I dunnot blame him. I'm glad I coom mysen. Tha's worth th' trip—an' I'm a Dillup chap, moind yo'."

She stood quite still as before and let them look at her, to see what effect the words had produced. It seemed as if they had produced none.

"If you have come to see him," she said, after a few seconds, "you may go away again. He is not here. I know where he is, and you cannot reach him. If there has not been some blunder, he is far enough away."

She told the lie without flinching in the least, and with a clever coolness which led her to think in a flash beforehand even of the clause which would save her dignity if he should chance to come in the midst of her words.

"If you want to break windows," she went on, "break them here. They can be replaced afterward, and there is no one here to interfere with you. If you would like to vent your anger upon a woman, vent it upon me. I am not afraid of you. Look at me!"

She took half a step forward and presented herself to them—motionless. Not a fellow among them but felt that she would not have stirred if they had rushed upon her bodily. The effect of her supreme beauty and the cold defiance which had in it a touch of delicate insolence, was indescribable. This was not in accordance with their ideas of women of her class; they were used to seeing them discreetly keeping themselves in the shade in time of disorder. Here was one—"one o' the nobs," as they said—who flung their threats to the wind and scorned them.

What they would have done when they recovered themselves is uncertain. The scale might have turned either way; but, just in the intervening moment which would have decided it

there arose a tumult in their midst. A man pushed his way with mad haste through the crowd and sprang upon the terrace at her side, amid yells and hoots from those who had guessed who he was.

An instant later they all knew him, though his dress was disordered, his head was bare, and his whole face and figure seemed altered by his excitement.

"Dom him!" they yelled. "Theer he is, by ——!"

"I tow'd thee he'd coom," shouted the cynic. "He did na get th' telly-graph, tha sees."

He turned on them, panting and white with rage.

"You devils!" he cried. "You here too! Haven't you done enough! Isn't bullying and frightening two women enough for you, that you must come here!"

"That's reet," commented the cynic. "Stond up fur th' young woman, Murdoch. I'd do it mysen i' I wur o' that soide. Allus stond up fur th' sect!"

Murdoch spoke to Rachel Ffrench.

"You must go in," he said. "There is no knowing what they will do."

"I shall stay here," she answered.

She made an impatient gesture. She was shuddering from head to foot.

"Don't look at or speak to me," she said. "You—you make me a coward."

"They will stand at nothing," he protested.

"I will not turn my back upon them," she said. "Let them do their worst."

He turned to the crowd again. Her life itself was in danger, and he knew he could not move her. He was shuddering himself.

"Who is your leader!" he said to the men. "I suppose you have one."

The man known as Foxy Gibbs responded to the cries of his name by pushing his way to the front. He was a big, resolute, hulking scamp who had never been known to do an honest day's work, and who was yet always in funds and at liberty to make incendiary speeches where beer and tobacco were plentiful.

"What do you want of me?" demanded Murdoch. "Speak out."

The fellow was ready enough with his words, and forcible too.

"We've heerd tell o' summat goin' on we're not goin' to stond," he said. "We've heerd tell o' a chap 'at's contrivin' summat to do away wi' them as does th' work now an' mak's theer bread by it. We've heerd as th' mesters is proidin' theersens on it an' laughin' in theer sleeves. We've heerd tell as theer's a chap makkin' what'll cend i' mischief—an' yo're the chap."

"Who told you?"

"Nivver moind who. A foo' let it out, an' we wur na in th' humour to let it pass. We're goin' to sift th' thing to th' bottom. Yo're th' chap as was nam't. What ha' yo' gotten to say?"

"Just one thing," he answered. "It's a lie from first to last—an accursed lie!"

"Lee or not, we're goin' to smash th' thing, whatever it is. We're noan particular about th' lee. We'll mak' th' thing safe first, an' then settle about the lee."

Murdoch thrust his hands in his pockets and eyed them with his first approach at his usual *sang-froid*.

"It's where you won't find it," he said. "I've made sure of that."

It was a mad speech to have made, but he had lost self-control and balance. He was too terribly conscious of Rachel Ffrench's perilous nearness to be in the mood to weigh his words. He saw his mistake in a second. There was a shout and a surging movement of the mob toward him, and Rachel Ffrench, with an indescribable swiftness, had thrown herself before him and was struck by a stone which came whizzing through the air.

She staggered under the stroke but stood upright in a breath's space.

"My God!" Murdoch cried out. "They have struck you! They have struck you!"

He was half mad with his anguish and horror. The sight of the little stream of blood which trickled from her temple turned him sick with rage.

"You devils!" he raved, "do you see what you have done?"

But the play was over. Before he had finished his outcry there was a shout of "th' coppers! th' coppers!" and a rush and skurry and tumble of undignified retreat. The police force with a band of anti-strikers behind them had appeared upon the scene in the full glory of the uniform of the corporation, and such was the result of habit and the majesty of the law that those who were not taken into custody incontinently took to their heels and scattered in every direction, uttering curses loud and deep, since they were not yet prepared to resist an attack more formally.

In half an hour the trampled grass and flower-beds and broken shrubs were the only signs of the tumult. Mr. Ffrench was walking up and down the dreary room in as nervous a condition as ever.

"Good heavens, Rachel!" he said, "you must have been mad—mad."

She had persistently refused to lie down, and sat in an easy-chair, looking rather colourless and languid. When they were left alone, Murdoch came and stood near her. He was paler than she, and haggard and worn. Before she knew what he was about to do he fell upon his knees, and covered her hands with kisses.

"If any harm had come to you," he cried—"if any harm had come to you——"

She tried to drag her hands away with an angry face, but he clung to them. And then quite suddenly all her resistance ceased and her eyes fixed themselves upon him as if with a kind of dread.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I AM NOT READY FOR IT YET."

IN expectation of something very serious happening, the constabulary re-enforced itself the day following and assumed a more imposing aspect and was prepared to be very severe indeed upon all shortcomings or symptoms

of approaching disorder. But somewhat to its private disappointment an unlooked-for quiet prevailed—an almost suspicious quiet indeed. There were rumours that a secret meeting had been held by the strikers the night before, and the result of it was that in the morning there appeared to have been a sudden dispersing, and only those remained behind who were unavoidably detained by the rather unfortunate circumstance of their having before them the prospect of spending a few weeks in the comparative retirement of the county jail. These gentlemen peremptorily refused to give any definite explanation of their eccentricities of conduct of the night before and were altogether very unsatisfactory indeed, one of them even going so far, under the influence of temporary excitement, as to be guilty of the indiscretion of announcing his intention of "doin' fur" one or two enemies of his cause when his term expired, on account of which amiable statement three months were added to said term upon the spot.

It was Janey Briarley who had given Murdoch his warning upon the night of the riot. Just before he had left the Works she had come into the yard, saying she had a message for Haworth, and on being told that he was away, had asked for Murdoch.

"He'll do if I canna see th' mester," she remarked.

But when she reached Murdoch's room she stepped across the threshold and shut the door cautiously.

"Con any body hear?" she demanded, with an uneasy glance round.

"No," he answered.

"Then cut thy stick as fast as thou can, an' get thee whoam an' hoid away that thing tha'rt makin'. Th' stroikers is after it. Nivver moind how I fun' out. Cut an' run. I ax't fur Haworth to throw 'em off th' scent. I knowed he wurna here. Haste thee!"

Her manifest alarm convinced him that there was foundation enough for her errand, and that she had run some risk in venturing it.

"Thank you," he said. "You may have saved me a great deal. Let us go out quietly as if nothing was in hand. Come along."

And so they went, he talking loud as they passed through the gates, and as it was already dusk he was out on the Broxton road in less than half an hour, and when he returned the mob had been to his mother's house and broken a few windows in their rage at his having escaped them, and had gone off shouting that they would go to Ffrench's.

"He'll be fun theer," some one said—possibly the cynic. "Th' young woman is a sweetheart o' his, an' yo'll be loike to hear o' th' cat wheer th' cream stands."

His mother met him on the threshold with the news of the outbreak and the direction it had taken. A few brief sentences told him all, and at the end of them he left the house at once.

"I am going there to show myself to them," he said. "They will not return here. You are safe enough now. The worst is over here, but there is no knowing what they may do there when they find themselves baffled."

It was after midnight when he came back, and then it was Christian who opened the door for him.

He came into the little dark passage with a slow, unsteady step. For a second he did not seem to see her at all. His face was white, his eyes were shining, and his brow was slightly knit in lines, which might have meant intense pain.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

It was as if her voice wakened him from a trance. He looked at her for the first time.

"Hurt!" he echoed. "No—not hurt."

He went into the sitting-room and she followed him. The narrow horse-hair sofa, upon which his father had lain so often, stood in its old place. He threw himself full length upon it, and lay looking straight before him.

"Are you—are you sure you are not hurt?" she faltered.

He echoed her words again.

"Am I sure I am not hurt?" he repeated, dreamily. "Yes, I am sure of it."

And then he turned slightly toward her, and she saw that the look his face wore was not one of pain, but of strange rapture.

"I am not hurt," he said, quite slowly. "I am madly happy."

Then she understood. She was as ignorant of many things as she was bitterly wise in others, but she had not been blind, and she understood quite clearly. She sat down upon a low seat, from which she could see him, her hands clasped on her knee.

"I knew," she said at last, "that it would come some day—I *knew* that it would."

"Did you?" he answered, in the same dreamy way. "I did not. I did not even hope for it. I do not comprehend it even now."

"I do," she returned, "quite well."

He scarcely seemed to hear her.

"I hoped for nothing," he said.

"And now—I am madly happy."

There was nothing more for her to say. She had a fancy that perhaps in the morning he would have forgotten that he had spoken. It seemed as if even yet he was hardly conscious of her presence. But before she went away she asked him a question.

"Where did you put the model?"

He gave a feverish start.

"Where?" And then falling back into his previous manner—"I took it to the chapel yard. I knew they would not go there. There was space enough behind the—the head-stone and the old wall for it to stand, and the grass grew long and thick. I left it there."

"It was a safe place," she answered. "When shall you bring it back?"

He sighed impatiently.

"Not yet," he said. "Not just yet. Let it stay there a while. I am not—ready for it. Let it stay."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"SETTLING AN ACCOUNT."

It was not until the week following that Haworth returned, and then he came without having given any previous warning of his intention. Ffrench, sitting in his office in a rather dejected mood one morning, was startled by his entering with even less than his usual small ceremony.

"My dear Haworth," he exclaimed.

"Is it possible?"

His first intention had been to hold out his hand, but he did not do so. In fact he sat down again a little suddenly and uneasily. Haworth sat down too, confronting him squarely.

"What have you been up to?" he demanded. "What is this row about?"

"About!" echoed Ffrench. "It's the most extraordinary combination of nonsense and misunderstanding I ever heard of in my life. How it arose there is no knowing. The fellows are mad!"

"Aye," angrily, "mad enow, but you can't stop 'em now they've got agate. It's a devilish look-out for us. I've heard it all over the country, and the more you say again' it the worse it is. They're set on it all through Lancashire that there's a plot again' 'em, and they're fur fettlin' it their own fashion."

"You—you don't think it will be worse for us?" his partner suggested weakly. "It struck me that—in the end—it mightn't be a bad thing—that it would change the direction of their mood."

"Wait until the end comes. It's not here yet. Tell me how it happened."

Upon the whole Mr. Ffrench made a good story of it. He depicted the anxieties and dangers of the occasion very graphically. He had lost a good deal of his enthusiasm on the subject of the uncultivated virtues and sturdy determination of the manufacturing labouring classes, and he was always fluent, as has been before mentioned. He was very fluent now, and especially

so in describing the incident of his daughter's presenting herself to the mob, and the result of her daring.

"She might have lost her life," he said at one point. "It was an insane thing to have done—an insane thing. She surprised them at first, but she could not hold them in check after Murdoch came. She will bear the mark of the stone flung for many a day."

"They threw a stone, blast 'em, did they?" said Haworth, setting his teeth.

"Yes; but not at her. Perhaps they would hardly have dared that after all. It was thrown at Murdoch."

"And he stepped out of the way?"

"Oh, no. He did not see the man raise his arm, but she did, and was too much alarmed to reflect, I suppose—and—in fact threw herself before him."

He moved back disturbedly the next instant. Haworth burst forth with a string of oaths. The veins stood out like cords on his forehead; he ground his teeth. When the outbreak was over he asked an embarrassing question.

"Where were you?"

"I?" with some uncertainty of tone. "I—had not gone out. I—I did not wish to infuriate them. It seemed to me that—that—that a great deal depended upon their not being infuriated."

"Aye," said Haworth, "a good deal."

He asked a good many questions Ffrench did not quite understand. He seemed in a questioning humour, and went over the ground step by step. He asked what the mob had said and done, and even how they had looked.

"It's a bad look-out for Murdoch," he said. "They'll have a spite again' him. They're lyin' quiet a bit now, because it's safest, but they'll carry their spite."

At Ffrench's invitation he went up to the house with him to dinner. As they passed into the grounds, Murdoch passed out. He was walking quickly, and scarcely seemed to see them until Ffrench spoke.

"It's a queer time of day for him to be here," said Haworth when he was gone.

Ffrench's reply held a touch of embarrassment.

"He is not usually here so early," he said. "He has probably been doing some little errand for Rachel."

The truth was that he had been with her for an hour, and that, on seeing Haworth coming down the road with her father, she had sent him away.

"I want to be alone when he comes," she had said.

And when Murdoch said "Why?" she had answered, "Because it will be easier."

When they came in, she was sitting with the right side of her face toward them. They could see nothing of the mark upon her left temple. It was not a large mark, and not a disfiguring one, but there were traces of its presence in her pallor. She did not rise, and would have kept this side of her face out of view, but Haworth came and took his seat before her. It would not have been easy for her to move or change her position—and he looked directly at the significant little bruise. His glance turned upon it again and again as he talked to her or her father; if it wandered off it came back and rested there. During dinner she felt that, place herself as she would, in a few seconds she would be conscious again that he had baffled her. For the first time in his experience it was he who had the advantage.

But when they returned to the parlour she held herself in check. She placed herself opposite to him, and turned her face toward him, and let him look without flinching. It was as if suddenly she wished that he should see, and had a secret defiant reason for the wish. It seemed a long evening, but she did not lose an inch of ground after this. When he was going away she rose and stood before him. Her father had gone to the other end of the room, and was fussing unnecessarily over some memoranda. As they waited together, Haworth

took his last look at the mark upon her temple.

"If it had been *me* you wore it for," he said, "I'd have had my hands on the throat of the chap that did it before now. It *wasn't* me, but I'll find him and pay him for it yet, by George!"

She had no time to answer him. Her father came toward them with the papers in his hands. Haworth listened to his wordy explanation without moving a line of his face. He did not hear it, and Ffrench was dimly conscious of the fact.

About half-an-hour after, the door of the bar-parlour of the "Who'd ha' Thowt it" was flung open.

"Where's Briarley?" a voice demanded. "Send him out here. I want him—Haworth."

Mr. Briarley arose in even more than his usual trepidation. He looked from side to side, quaking.

"Where's he?" he asked.

Haworth stood on the threshold.

"Here," he answered. "Come out!"

Mr. Briarley obeyed. At the door Haworth collared him and led him down the sanded passage and into the road outside.

A few yards from the house there was a pump. He piloted him to it and set him against it, and began to swear at him fluently.

"You blasted scoundrel!" he said. "You let it out, did you?"

Mr. Briarley was covered with confusion as with a garment.

"I'm a misforchnit chap as is allus i' trouble," he said. "Theer's summat i' ivvery thin' I lay hond on as seems to go agen me. I dunnot see how it is. Happen theer's summat i' me a-bein' a dom'd foo', or happen it's nowt but misforchin. Sararann—"

Haworth stopped him by swearing again, something more sulphurously than before,—so sulphurously, indeed, that Mr. Briarley listened with eyes distended and mouth agape.

"Let's hear what you know about th' thing," Haworth ended.

Mr. Briarley shut his mouth. He would have kept it shut if he had dared.

"I dunnot know nowt," he answered, with patient mendacity. "I wur na wi' 'em."

"You know plenty," said Haworth. "Out with it, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble. Who was the chap that threw the stone?"

"I—I dunnot know."

"If you don't tell me," said Haworth, through his clenched teeth, "it'll be worse for you. It was you I let the truth slip to; you were the first chap that heard it, and you were the first chap that started the row and egged it on."

"I did na egg it on," protested Mr. Briarley. "It did na need no eggin' on. They pounced on it loike cats on a bird. I did na mean to tell 'em owt about it. I'm a dom'd foo'. I'm th' dom'dest foo' fro' here to Dillup."

"Aye," said Haworth, sardonically, "that's like enow. Who was the chap that threw the stone?"

He returned to the charge so swiftly and with such fell determination that Mr. Briarley began fairly to whimper.

"I dare na tell," he said. "They'd mak' quick work o' me if they fun me out."

"Who was it?" persisted Haworth. "They'll make quicker work of you at the 'Old Bailey,' if you don't."

Mr. Briarley turned his disreputable, battered cap round and round in his nervous hands. He was mortally afraid of Haworth.

"A man's gotten to think o' his family," he argued. "If he dunnot think o' hissen, he mun think o' his family. I've gotten a mortal bigun—twelve on 'em an' Sararann, as ud be left on th' world if owt wur to happen—twelve on 'em as ud be left wi'out no one to stand by 'em an' pervide for 'em. Theer's nowt a fam'ly misses so much as th' head. The head should na run no risks. It's th' head's duty to tak' care o' hissen an' keep o' th' safe soide."

"Who threw the stone?" said Haworth.

Mr. Briarley gave him one cowed glance and broke down.

"It wur Tummas Reddy," he burst forth helplessly. "Lord ha' mercy on me!"

"Where is he?"

"He's i' theer," jerking his cap toward the bar-room, "an' I'm i' th' worst mess I ivver wur i' i' my loife. I'm fettlet now, by the Lord Harry!"

"Which way does he go home?"

"Straight along the road here, if I mun get up to my neck—an'an' he dom'd to him!—if I may tak' th' liberty."

"Settle yourself to stand here till he comes out, and then tell me which is he."

"Eh!"

"When he comes out say the word, and stay here till he does. I've got a bit o' summat to settle with him."

"Will ta—will ta promise tha will na let out who did it? If tha does, th' buryin' club'll ha' brass to pay out afore a week's over."

"You're safe enow," Haworth answered, "if you'll keep your mouth shut. They'll hear nowt from me."

A gleam of hope—a faint one—illuminated Mr. Briarley's countenance.

"I would na ha' no objections to tha settlin' wi' him," he said. "I ha' not nowt agen that. He's a chap as I am na fond on, and he's gotten more cheek than belongs to him. I'd ha' settled wi' him mysen if I had na been a fam'ly man. Ha'in' a fam'ly to think on howds a man back. Theer—I hear 'em comin' now. Would yo'," in some hurry, "ha' owt agen me gettin' behind th' pump?"

"Get behind it," answered Haworth, "and be damned to you!"

He got behind it with alacrity, and, as it was not a large pump, was driven by necessity to narrowing himself to its compass, as it were, and taking up very little room. Haworth himself drew back somewhat, and yet kept within hearing.

Four or five men came out and went their different ways, and Mr. Briarley made no sign; but as the sixth, a

powerful, clumsy fellow, passed, he uttered a cautious "Theer he is!"

Haworth did not stir. It was a dark, cloudy night, and he was far enough from the road to be safe from discovery. The man went on at a leisurely pace.

Mr. Briarley reappeared, breathing shortly.

"I mun go whoam," he said. "Sara-rann—" and scarcely waiting for Haworth's signal of dismissal, he departed as if he had been shot from a string-bow, and fled forth into the shadows.

Mr. Reddy went at a leisurely pace, as has been before observed. He usually went at a leisurely pace when he was on his way home. He was "a bad lot" altogether, and his home was a squalid place, and his wife more frequently than not had a black eye or a bruised face, and was haggard with hunger, and full of miserable complaints and reproaches. Consequently he did not approach the scene of his domestic joys with any haste.

He was in a worse humour than usual to-night from various causes, the chief one, perhaps, being that he had only had enough spirituous liquor to make him savage, and to cause him to enliven his way with blasphemy.

Suddenly, however, at the corner of a lane which crossed the road he paused. He heard behind him the sound of heavy feet nearing him with a quick tramp, which somehow presented to his mind the idea of a purpose, and for some reason, not exactly clear to himself, he turned about and waited.

"Who's that theer?" he asked.

"It's me," he was answered. "Stand up and take thy thrashin', my lad."

The next instant he was struggling in the darkness with an assailant, and the air was hot with oaths, and they were writhing together and panting, and striking blinding blows. Sometimes it was one man and then the other who was uppermost, but at last it was Haworth, and he had his man in his grasp.

"This is because you hit the wrong

mark, my lad," he said. "Because luck went agen you, and because it's gone agen me."

When he had done Mr. Reddy lay beaten into seeming insensibility. He had sworn and gnashed his teeth and beaten back in vain.

"Who is it, by —?" he panted. "Who is it?"

"It's Haworth," he was answered. "Jem Haworth, my lad."

And he was left there lying in the dark while Haworth walked away, his heavy breathing a living presence in the air until he was gone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"A SUMMER AFTERNOON."

"LET it stay there a while," Murdoch had said. "I am not ready for it yet." And it stayed there between the headstone and the old stone wall covered with the long grass and closed in by it. He was not ready for it—yet. The days were not long enough for him as it was. His mother and Christian rarely saw him, but at such times as they did each recognised in him a new look and understood it. He began to live a strange excitable life. Rachel Ffrench did nothing by halves. He was seen with her constantly. It continually happened that where she was invited he was invited also. He forgot that he dreaded to meet strangers and had always held aloof from crowds. There were no strangers now and no crowds; in any gathering there was only one presence, and this was enough for him. When people would have cultivated him and drawn him out, he did not see their efforts; when a man or woman spoke to him they found out that he scarcely heard them and that even as they talked he had unconsciously veered toward another point. He did things sometimes which made them stare at him.

"The fellow is like a ghost," a man said of him once.

The simile was not a bad one. He did not think of what he might be

winning or losing—for the time being mere existence was all-sufficient. At night he scarcely slept at all. Often he got up and rambled over the country in the darkness, not knowing where he was going or why he walked. He went through the routine of the day in haste and impatience, doing more work than was necessary and frequently amazing those around him by losing his temper and missing his mark. Ffrench began to regard him with wonder. Divers things were a source of wonder to Ffrench in these days. He understood Rachel less than ever and found her less satisfactory. He could not comprehend her motives. He had become accustomed to feeling that she always had a motive in the background, and he made the natural mistake of supposing that she had one now. But she had none. She had suddenly given way to a mysterious impulse which overmastered her, and she let herself go, as it were. It did not matter to her that the time came when her course was discussed and marvelled at; upon the whole she felt a secret pleasure in defying public comment as usual, and going steadily in her own path.

She did strange things too. She began to go among the people who knew Murdoch best,—visiting the families of the men who worked under him, and leading them on to speaking of him and his way of life. It cannot be said that the honest matrons she honoured by her visits were very fond of her or exactly rejoiced when she appeared. They felt terribly out of place and awe-stricken when she sat down on their wooden chairs with her rich dress lying upon the pipe-clayed floors. Her beauty and her grandeur stunned them, however much they admired both.

"I tell yo' she's a lady," they said. "She knows nowt about poor folk, bless yo', but she's gotten brass to gie away—an' she gies it wi'out makin' a doment. I mun say it puts me out a bit to see her coom in, but she does na go out wi'out leavin' summat."

She made no pretence of bringing

sympathy and consolation; she merely gave money, and money was an equivalent; and after all it was something of an event to have her carriage stop before the gate and see her descend and enter in all her splendour. The general vague idea which prevailed was that she meant to be charitable after the manner of her order,—but that was a mistake too.

It happened at last that one day her carriage drew up before the house at whose window Murdoch's mother and Christian sat at work.

It was Saturday, and Janey Briarley, in her "cleanin' up" apparel opened the door for her.

"They're in th' parlour," she answered in reply to her question. "Art tha coom to see 'em?"

When she was ushered into the parlour in question, Mrs. Murdoch rose with her work in her hand; Christian rose also and stood in the shadow. They had never had a visitor before, and had not expected such a one as this.

They thought at first that she had come upon some errand, but she had not. She gave no reason for her presence other than she would have given in making any call of ceremony.

As she sat on the narrow sofa, she saw all the room and its meagreness,—its smallness, its scant, plain furnishing; its ugly carpet and walls; the straight, black dress of the older woman, the dark beauty of the girl; who did not sit down but stood behind her chair, watching. This beauty was the only thing which relieved the monotony of the place, but it was the most grating thing she saw, to Rachel Ffrench. It roused within her a slow anger. She resented it, and felt that she would like to revenge herself upon it quietly. She had merely meant to try the effect of these people and their surroundings upon herself as a fine experiment, but the effect was a stronger one than she had anticipated. When she went away Christian accompanied her to the door.

In the narrow passage Rachel
No. 234.—VOL. XXXIX.

Ffrench turned and looked at her—giving her a glance from head to foot.

"I think I have seen you before," she said.

"You *know* you have seen me," the girl answered.

"I have seen you on the Continent. Your apartment was opposite to ours in Paris—when you were with your mother. I used to watch the people go in and out. You are very like your mother."

And she left her, not looking back once—as if there was no living creature behind, or as if she had forgotten that there was one.

Christian went back to the room within. She sat down but did not take up her work again.

"Do you know why she came?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She came to look at us—to see what manner of people we were—to see how we lived—to measure the distance between our life and hers."

"As she went away," she went on, "she remembered that she had seen me before. She told me that I was very like my mother."

She leaned forward, her hands clasped palm to palm between her knees.

"There was a man who did my mother a great wrong once," she said. "They had loved each other in a mad sort of way for a long time, but in the end, I suppose, he got tired, for suddenly he went away. When he was gone, my mother did not speak of him, and it was as if he had never lived, but she grew haggard and dreadful and lost her beauty. I was a little child, and she took me with her and began to travel from one place to another. I did not know why at first, but I found out afterward. She was following him. She found him in Paris, at last, after two years. One foggy night she took me to a narrow street near one of the theatres, and after we got there I knew she was waiting for some one, because she walked to and fro between two of the

street lamps dragging me by the hand. She walked so for half an hour, and then the man came, not knowing we were there. She went to him dragging me with her, and when she stood in front of him, threw back her veil and let the light shine upon her. She lifted her hand and struck him—struck him full upon the face, panting for breath. 'I am a woman,' she said. 'I am a woman and I have struck you! Remember it to your last hour as I shall!' I thought that he would strike her back, but he did not. His hands fell at his sides, and he stood before her pale and helpless. I think it was even more terrible than she had meant it to be——"

Mrs. Murdoch stopped her, almost angrily.

"Why do you go back to it?" she demanded. "Why should you think of such a story now?"

"It came to me," she answered. "I was thinking that it is true that I am like her,—I bear a grudge such a long time, and it will not die out. It is her blood which is strong in me. She spoke the truth."

Early in the afternoon Rachel Ffrench, sauntering about the garden in the sun, saw Murdoch coming down the road toward the house,—not until he had first seen her however. His eyes were fixed upon her when she turned, and it seemed as if he found it impossible to remove them even for a breath's space. Since his glance had first caught the pale blue of her dress he had not once looked away from it. All the morning, in the midst of the smoke and din of the workrooms, he had been thinking of the hours to come. The rest of the day lay before him. The weather was dazzling; the heat of summer was in the air; the garden was ablaze with flowers whose brightness seemed never to have been there before; there was here and there the drone of a bee, and now and again a stir of leaves. The day before had been of another colour and so

might the morrow be, but to-day left nothing to be believed in except its own sun and beauty.

When at last he was quite near her, he seemed for a little while to see nothing but the faint pale blue of her dress. He never forgot it afterward, and never remembered it without a sense of summer heat and languor. He could not have told what he said to her, or if he at first spoke at all. Soon she began to move down the path and he followed her,—simply followed her,—stopping when she stopped to break a flower from its stem.

It was as she bent forward once that she told him of what she had done.

"This morning," she said, "I went to see your mother."

"She told me so," he answered.

She broke the stem of the flower and stood upright, holding it in her hand.

"You do not ask me why I went," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

Their eyes met, and she was silent for a little. Then she said with perfect deliberateness:

"I have known nothing of the life you live. I wanted to see it for myself. I wanted—to bring it near."

He drew quite close to her, his face pale, his eyes burning.

"Near!" he repeated. "To bring it near! Do you—do you know what you have said?"

"To bring it near," she said again, with no less deliberateness than before, but with a strange softness.

Just for to-day, she had told herself, she would try the sensation of being swept onward by the stream. But she weighed herself as she spoke, and weighed him and his passion, and her power against its force.

But he came no closer to her. He did not attempt to touch even her hand or her dress. His own hands fell helplessly at his sides, and he stood still before her.

"Oh God!" he said in a hushed voice, "how happy I am!"

To be continued.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

To understand the present condition of the Southern States of the American Union, it is necessary to form some notion of their condition at the close of the War of Secession.

War means destruction elsewhere than on the battle-field; yet when we read history or look on whilst armies make it, we are apt to be carried away by the dramatic interest of the narrow theatre of the actual contest, and to receive no adequate impressions of the great background of the scene—the countryside, the towns, the workshops, the markets, and the homes of the belligerent people. But those who have lived in a country ravaged by a long struggle will thenceforth see war with different eyes, and for them its effects outside of the region covered by the contending armies will perhaps be its most instructive side. Such readers would value a picture of the everyday life of Prussia during the long agony of the Seven Years' War. With the exception, however, of a few glimpses, the view now to be had of it is confined to the heroic achievements of the Prussian army. We do, nevertheless, get some idea of the condition in which the little kingdom was left by that famous struggle, and to recall that condition briefly, by way of comparison, will be useful in our present inquiry.

There was very great destruction of property and very great diminution of population in Prussia. Frederick sums it up vividly when he tells us that the very seed-corn had been consumed and the ninth man was missing. But the absence of that ninth man was well supplied by two things that double the strength of a people—the possession of a great leader invested with ample powers, and the national consciousness of a unique success on the stage of the world. Hero-worshippers may overestimate the influence of a great man playing the part of dictator, but who

can measure the effective force of that bounding sense of triumph animating a whole nation? Those perhaps who have felt the full stroke of a different fate. Seed-corn was found for Prussia, and seven years peace repaired the ravages of an unparalleled war.

It need hardly be said that the Southern States were without these two capital advantages in the painful process of recovery from even greater exhaustion of men and means.

The population of Prussia was at the beginning of the Seven Years' War about four millions and a half. The losses in killed and wounded in the pitched battles of that struggle may be taken at 117,000 men. There are of course other enormous losses of life incident to war; but the losses in pitched battles will afford a fair index of the general destruction of life.

The population of the Confederate States, excluding Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, whose resources were controlled almost from the beginning by the Federals, was in 1861 about five and a half million whites and a little over three and a half million blacks; but, for the purposes of the special comparison we are now making, it is obvious that the negroes must be excluded, in great measure at least, from the computation. The losses of the Confederates by killed and wounded in the pitched battles of the war between the States amounted to not less than 220,000 men.

Now, when we remember that in the Confederate States this blood-tax was levied and paid in four years as against about six years in Prussia, and bear in mind the great resources in recruits on which Frederick always drew in the neighbouring German States, and the great strength in money, men, and sympathy afforded to people and leader by English and other alliances, in contrast with the utter isolation of the Confederates, it must be admitted that in the matter

of mere loss of life the greater stress was put upon the Confederacy.

It was a perception of the unsurpassed sacrifices of the Southern people in this direction that drew from General Grant his only epigram: "The Confederates," he said, not long before the war ended, "have robbed the cradle and the grave." The Act of the Confederate Congress of Feb. 17, 1864, which declared that "all white men residents of the Confederate States between the ages of seventeen and fifty shall be in the military service of the Confederate States for the war," shows how nearly this taunt hit the truth.

It is more difficult to compare the losses of the two countries in property. But it may be sufficient to say that the most minute descriptions of the annihilation of values and the economic condition of Prussia in 1763, may be taken almost word for word as lifelike representations of the same things in the Southern States in 1865. Still there is this striking difference in the circumstances of the two populations. The Prussians retained in 1763 everything they possessed at the beginning of the war except the men and means destroyed. Far worse was the position of the Confederates, as we shall presently see.

But, to take an instance from our own time, how did the problem of recovery from the effects of the recent war in France differ from the same problem in the Southern States? In the first place, the Franco-German war was of short duration. Its theatre, though large, did not cover one-third of France, whilst there was scarcely a county from Virginia to Louisiana not at some time under hostile occupation. The loss of life in France, though considerable, was not sufficient to produce any injurious effect in a country abundantly peopled. Finally, the material losses of the French may be summed up in the expenses of a six months' war, in the enforced idleness or the unproductive employment during half a year of a large portion of the population, in the enormous war indemnity exacted by the conqueror,

in the capture of great magazines, and in the very extensive destruction of visible property in the departments occupied by the enemy.

But the great springs of French wealth remained untouched. The continuity of the national life was but momentarily interrupted; the highly-organised machinery of agricultural and industrial production was for an instant checked, but by no means shattered; property—in those myriad invisible channels which the genius of the modern age has conducted in a network of life-giving currents through the grosser body of the state, received no fatal lesion; no considerable bank stopped payment, no insurance company, no great manufacturing association, no great railway, suffered serious and permanent damage; not for a day was the credit of the French Treasury, or the pecuniary faith of the French nation, placed in doubt among its patriotic people. The loss was great, but it could be weighed and measured. Like the brave and cheerful race which their traditions represent them to be, the French looked this loss in the face, weighed and measured it, made provision for it and put it behind them. In two years the import and export trade of France had risen to seven thousand millions of francs against six thousand millions in 1869, and the war indemnity had been promptly lodged in the German Treasury. We shall briefly point out how grievously all these mitigating conditions were reversed in the case of the Southern States.

The drain upon the population of the South has been mentioned—that blood-tax, which was so rigidly levied and so cheerfully paid. The annals of few countries show a more obstinate resistance or bloodier battles. Kunersdorf has generally been cited as one of the most sanguinary fields of modern times. Frederick lost there 19,000 men killed and wounded, out of 50,000. At the battle of Chickamauga the Confederates counted 17,000 men killed and wounded, out of a total force of 45,000; and many another

field showed losses in almost as high a ratio. To their honour be it said, the Americans, who confronted them, stood killing about as well. In this lies the explanation of the indecisive character of so many of the great actions of the war.

The destruction of property was perhaps more complete than in any struggle of modern times. It may be said in general terms that very little entitled to the name of property survived the war that was not in its nature indestructible or inconvertible. The land and houses remained, but little else. Wherever the armies, Confederate or Federal, passed, there was a clean sweep of every sort of visible wealth; for it is one of the characteristics of war that a friendly army is only second as a scourge to an enemy's; and, where the armies did not reach, the Confederate tax-gatherer with his levy of tithes in kind, or the Confederate quartermaster with his impressments at arbitrary valuation, made the interior almost as much a desert as the front.

Production languished because the conscription swallowed up the labourers, because the blockade of the ports shut out the demand for the most valuable staples, and because the violation of all the sound precepts of political economy by the Confederate Government, in its desperate struggle for existence, took away the usual incentives to the acquisition of wealth. This was illustrated in the impressment of every kind of agricultural produce, and in the practical seizure of most of the lines of railway for military purposes, so that freedom of transport ceased, and the dearth of one place could not be supplied by the abundance of another.

The country became one vast camp. Means of developing its natural resources were miserably wanting, because, the various manufacturing industries having never been naturalised, the very tools of the different trades could not be procured. Thus, the South having enjoyed an untrammelled intercourse with the manufac-

turing North, and illustrated on a magnificent scale the best results of unlimited free trade, was made to feel in its hour of need, that a state of war is a *casus omnisus* in the school of political economy; and that, as the world is now organised, nations, or communities that would be nations, must take heed to contain within themselves all the elements of self-defence, before legislating for their people as mere trading corporations.

The South lost, of course, all the expenses of the great war, and these it had to pay at once without transfer to posterity of any part of the burden, because, by the compulsory repudiation of its public debt, many hundred million dollars of obligations were confiscated in the hands of its citizens. It lost all the immense waste and failure of production arising from the diversion of its industries from their accustomed channels. The shares of all, or nearly all, its banks, insurance, manufacturing, and other public companies, became worthless. Nothing of railway property, as a rule, preserved any value except the first mortgage bonds, which sustained an average depreciation of perhaps fifty per cent. These represented what survived of the railways—the roadbeds which could not be destroyed. The public debts of most of the States suffered a decline of from thirty to fifty per cent, which, in several cases from causes to be hereafter mentioned, has proceeded to almost complete extinction of value. Scarcely any form of investment escaped an impairment of one-half or two-thirds of its value.

Practically, then, with the great majority of the property holding classes, only the land and houses, with an insufficient stock of horses and cattle, remained. But even this salvage out of the wreck was illusory. It seemed to be the same land. It was not the same. The land could not escape its "environment." The whole organization of labour, by which the soil had been rendered fruitful, had, by the stroke of a pen and the fortune of war, been suddenly trans-

formed into its native African chaos. And by the same stroke of power the hundreds of thousands of proprietors of that soil, whose money relations with the world, and debts and credits amongst themselves had been based on this property in slaves, amounting to the enormous sum of 1400 millions of dollars, had been rendered bankrupt.

We touch here the very kernel of the difficulty in the task of the restoration of the material prosperity of the Southern States. The destruction of mere wealth may be endured; but here was a paralysis of the instruments of production. Men said the emancipation of the slaves destroyed no part of the general sum of the wealth of the country, because the labour of the negroes made their value and that labour remained. That will be true in one or two generations. It was not true in 1865. The organization of that labour was a great element of its value, and that organization was rudely broken up; and the comparative wealth and solvency of the owners of the soil was a great element in the value and productive capacity of the land itself, and that was annihilated by the same blow. The second misfortune, the general insolvency of the great landowners, cannot be too closely attended to. It was aggravated by legislative attempts to mitigate it in various so-called "stay-laws," deferring the collection of debts by judicial process. The result was that the settlement of the complex structure of debts based upon slavery and the old value of lands—which would have been promptly reached in the temper of men's minds at the close of the struggle without legislative interference—was through that interference postponed for years, and, indeed, still lingers as the greatest deadweight upon society. There can be no greater bar to progress than a body of insolvent proprietors clutching at the shadow of property long after the substance has vanished.

The disastrous effect upon the value of lands of the destruction of the labour system, combined with the

simultaneous loss of so much of the movable capital of the country, may best be shown in the statement that one-third of the market price of 1860 is probably a fair estimate of the average market price of lands in the last thirteen years. Estimates in such matters must be rather uncertain; but, from such investigations as we have been able to make, we are inclined to reckon the losses and depreciation in personal and real property, without any allowance for the value of the slaves emancipated, at about 400,000,000*l.*, or twice the indemnity paid by France to Germany. In short, these losses may be fairly estimated at two-thirds of the assessed value of all property other than slaves in these States at the beginning of the war. Besides all this, it must be remembered that the Southern States paid, in effect, a vast war indemnity by assuming their share of the great debt of the United States, amounting at the close of the contest to about 560,000,000*l.*

But to return to the lands, it will readily be seen that the landholder had a bad chance to sell his lands at a good price, when all his brother landholders wanted to sell at the same time, and when they all agreed in demonstrating that no profit could be made in cultivating the soil with the new system of labour. That has been the case for thirteen years. There are not wanting, however, signs of improvement.

In the first place, a number of planters have shown capacity to make money with the new labour. This is the beginning of a new class, recruited in part from the old planters and farmers, who were pliant enough to adjust themselves to the new order of things, but mainly from young men who never knew any other.

In the second place, the negroes have improved as free labourers. They observe their contracts better, they waste less time in politics, and their employers have gradually learned how to frame terms of employment which apply a healthy stimulus to labour. But, with all the encouragement one

must feel as to the future of the negroes from their excellent behaviour during the trying ordeal through which they have passed, and from their undoubted improvement as free labourers and as citizens, it is impossible to deny that few landed proprietors consider that large farms or plantations can be profitably worked with negroes receiving money wages. The difficulty seems to be in securing fair work for fair wages. There is not enough stimulus in mere wages to make the agricultural negro work. The remedy has been sought, but only partially found, in interesting the negro as a co-partner in the proceeds of the crop. But, after all, the best hope of the agriculture of the South is in a gradual subdivision of the large estates. This process has been quietly going on, and the proof that it is the great remedy for existing evils is to be seen in the fact that in nine country districts out of ten you will find the only men admitted to have made money in growing cotton or tobacco, or anything except sugarcane, perhaps, are the small proprietors, who work themselves in their fields, or personally supervise a few labourers. The great cotton crops of the last twelve years, including that of 1878, which is estimated at 5,200,000 bales, would never have been reached without the multitudinous petty contributions of this class of producers. The "petite culture" of the French peasantry, taking its rise upon the ruin of large landed proprietors, has effaced all the scars of the Revolution and the Great Wars. Why may we not expect like beneficent results from small farms throughout the Southern States? In the subdivision of property is to be found the best solution, not only of the economical problem of the negro as a labourer, but of the more difficult social, and political problem of the negro as a citizen. He has undoubtedly the germ of the instinct of property. In towns, the first desire of the better classes is to buy a small dwelling-house, and in every city of the south a large body of negroes have become owners of real property from

their savings in the last ten years. The hundreds of thousands which the poor negroes lost in the Freedmen's Savings Banks, introduced to their notice by the United States Freedmen's Bureau, show how strong with them is the motive of accumulation. Then, many negroes have already made prosperous beginnings as tenants of small farms, and some few have succeeded in purchasing the lands they cultivate. If the agricultural negro is ever taught to do a fair year's work for a fair year's wages, it will probably be by a negro small farmer.

But in estimating the causes which have delayed the restoration of the Southern States to something like prosperity, we must not overlook the great fact that they were conquered States. We must recognise that for several years after 1865 they were subjected to foreign domination, to government from without, of the most injurious description.

The rule of an enlightened conqueror, who did not affect to conceal his absolutism, might at once have produced most beneficial results. But this was the rule of a conqueror who must disguise his conquest by the appearance of free institutions. The rule from the outside could only be maintained when military governments were withdrawn, by conferring political power upon the negroes; and here we come face to face with what, throughout the greater part of the Southern States, has proved the most refined, the most destructive, if the least bloodthirsty, cruelty ever inflicted by a conqueror in modern times—the political subjection of masters to their recent slaves.

The first product of negro political supremacy was the 'carpet-bagger,' and its latest result was the bankruptcy of half-a-dozen States, the debauchery of their legislatures, and the final wreck of private wealth. In 1860 the state, county, and municipal taxes assessed in the States of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, amounted to eight millions of dollars upon eighteen hundred and

sixty-five millions of property; in 1870 these taxes, without any provision for the expenses of the war, had risen to sixteen and a half millions on only seven hundred and sixty-eight millions of property. Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas escaped the worst of these evils, partly because of the numerical inferiority of their black population, and partly because of certain happy accidents. When, in the other States, these saturnalian excesses of bad government had reached the point at which they could no longer be endured, relief was found. The evils suffered by the people of Louisiana and South Carolina, in particular, were such as would have justified revolution, if there had been any possibility of successful revolution. The military power of the Federal Government everywhere forbade that. Not that the actual force of its troops would have offered any physical obstacle to revolutionary reform; but to populations, which had so lately tried the gage of battle with the armies of the Union, and only given up that struggle when every chance of success had vanished, one soldier wearing the national uniform was sufficient to convince the most thoughtless that there must be no conflict of arms with those protected by the Federal flag.

The condition of these States being intolerable, and justifying revolution, if revolution could have offered any chance of success, we can understand that any remedy short of revolution, even if involving a certain application of force, would be accepted as legitimate by the leaders of the people. It is beyond the power even of a congressional committee, with all its summary processes against persons and things, to draw out the undisputed truth as to the methods by which the whites have regained political control in these oppressed States. But it seems unnecessary to attempt the investigation here. We may admit that there has been in the various canvasses occasional violence or terrorism not to be tolerated in communities where the very life of society is not staked on the

issue of a vote. This is probable; but it is also certain that the most potent factor in this political revolution was the conviction finally forced on the minds of the negroes of the utter worthlessness of their 'carpet-bagger' allies, and a returning condence in the justice and wisdom of their old rulers.

It was not high statesmanship, but it was the logical result of the great emancipation agitation, which had precipitated the war between the States, and borne the Republican leaders to power and triumph, that political equality with the whites before the law should be conferred on the negroes. Those who lost in that great arbitrament bowed their heads and accepted this result. But it was as pitilessly logical that the intelligence and courage of these States should, before many years, wrest the control of their destinies from the ignorance and corruption which threatened to destroy their civilisation.

Since 1877 the government of every Southern State has been practically vested in those classes which, by their education, intelligence, and inherited aptitude for political business, have, in every age and country, and under all forms of polity, been pointed out as the natural leaders of the people. This was the great result of the Presidential election of 1876. The war was at last felt to be ended, and the Southern States once more assumed a position of perfect equality with the other members of the American Union.

This great pacification having been so recently accomplished, the present time is appropriate for an estimate of the actual position of these States and their relations to the common Union.

And first we must ask our readers to understand that by every man, woman, and child in the Southern States, the unity of the country as settled by the results of the war is accepted as settled for all time. There is not, and there was not in 1865, in the South a vestige of a dream that the struggle for a separation will ever be renewed. The lost cause of the Confederates is tenderly cherished,

but with a sentimental devotion only, like that which many Englishmen feel for the lost cause of the Stuarts. Why is this? One reason, perhaps, is that the war was so thoroughly fought out to the bitter end of men and means, that every man felt the contest could never be renewed under more favourable auspices. Then, whilst Lord John Russell was right when he said that the North fought for empire and the South for independence, the institution of slavery being by no means the end and object for which the Confederates took the field, yet slavery was undoubtedly the occasion of the war, and of the fierce passions which estranged South and North for so many years before its outburst.

Now, slavery not only disappeared, as a result of the war, but was seen by a great many Southern men at an early period of the contest to be doomed, whether the South succeeded or not in the conflict of arms. A great barrier, and, indeed, the only insurmountable barrier to unity of feeling between the two sections, was felt and acknowledged to have been removed when slavery came to its violent end. The circumstances had greatly changed, and Americans are not slow to adjust themselves to a change of facts.

But, perhaps, a still stronger reason had been slowly gathering force. The effect of a four years' deadly grapple with a vigorous adversary is to remove many prejudices, and to inspire a manly respect for a gallant and powerful enemy. Then, if the aspiration after national independence, when thoroughly roused, is perhaps the strongest motive that can animate a people, the idea of empire, of the necessary unity of a vast country like the United States, is certainly a great and dazzling conception. When Southern men felt that the independence of the Confederate States was impossible of achievement, they naturally consoled themselves with those old dreams of the great destiny of a United America which had never been altogether absent from their minds. Many thoughtful Confederates began

during the war to ponder the difficulties of the great problem of two independent nations occupying the territory of the United States, and separated by an imaginary frontier of two thousand miles in length. Many asked themselves if the next generation would not bring about some sort of reunion of the severed nationality. Many then recognised with an uncomfortable twinge the force of those appeals to the necessary unity of feeling and interest of the millions who dwelt on the banks of the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, which filled the State papers of the Federals, and the apparent impossibility that the mouths of that great river could ever be permanently held by a power alien to the vigorous populations settled along its upper waters. They felt this, as their ancestors had instinctively felt it, when they applauded Mr. Jefferson's brilliant stroke of statesmanship in buying Louisiana from the French without warrant of law, as a measure that touched the very life of the nation. The truth is that the Southern people had no adequate conception of the enthusiastic devotion of the Northern people to the great idea of the Union and its brilliant promise of empire, till after the war was thoroughly kindled. Then thinking men saw that, in that great conception firing the Northern heart, there was a motive not much less strong than the passionate desire of independence which stirred the South.

The motives then being equal, or nearly equal, the combatants of the same race, and of equal, if of different valour, what was to prevent the issue being decided by sheer preponderance of physical force? Which way that inclined was never doubtful.

The next important point in the present condition of the Southern States is that nowhere is the abolition of slavery regretted by any considerable portion of the community. This, of course, does not exclude regret at the methods by which emancipation was accomplished, or strong disapproval of the haste with which the

negro has been endowed with political rights. But we do mean to assert that there is a very general satisfaction throughout the South that slavery has disappeared and can never be revived. This will appear an extraordinary statement to those who think that the Confederates fought for the institution of slavery. It will appear strange to those who were not able to discover in the agitations preceding the war any dissatisfaction in the South with slavery, or any attempts at its gradual removal. The fact is that in 1831 there was a very strong movement in that direction, and notably in Virginia the beginning of an influential emancipation party. But two fatal circumstances concurred about that time to repress this feeling, and, indeed, to establish a violent current in the opposite direction.

The first was the rise of the fanatical abolition agitation in the North, resulting in the most active intermeddling with the local concerns of the Southern States. Englishmen may imagine the effect of this when they reflect how little they would consent to have anything, however good, forced on them by a meddlesome propagandism organised and directed in France. Even free trade could never have been forced on England from without.

The second fatal circumstance was the growing importance of the cotton culture, increasing every year in a rapid ratio the money value of negro labour.

When we consider the conflict of passions springing out of these causes during the thirty years following, the heat of men's minds, and the great inherent difficulty of the problem of emancipation, even if attacked without prejudice and with the best methods, shall we wonder that people were content to drift along till a solution grew out of events, but hesitated to force one? If we will only remember the attitude of Western Europe towards that formidable Eastern question, which must one day be solved by some grand decree of Providence, but which men so great and resolute as the first Duke of Well-

ington have not dared to precipitate, we shall have a better notion of the position of many of the best men in the Southern States respecting the great curse of slavery before the war.

That class of men never ceased to regard it as a huge evil, which must for ever exclude their country from the sympathy of the leading nations of the world, and they would willingly have accepted any feasible plan for its removal; but, knowing full well the difficulty of the enterprise, they did not dare to set in motion the tremendous agencies which could alone bring it about. Now, however, that in the upheaval of society, produced by one of the greatest wars of modern times, the doomed institution has suffered violent extinction, the result is everywhere accepted as a beneficent consummation, and the negro is greatly valued as a necessary and permanent element of the population of most of the Southern States. The same causes which brought about the original introduction of the race into those countries, continue to make his labour indispensable there, and, contrary to the expectation of many persons, the black population is increasing in a steady progression.

The task of the improvement of the negro in his new civic relations has been everywhere undertaken in good faith and with kindly feeling, for the real affection of the Southern whites for the blacks must not be overlooked; and in all the Southern States liberal public provision has been made for the free education of negro children upon equal terms with the white children, but in separate schools. Upon one point, however, public opinion appears irrevocably fixed—the inter-marriage of the races will never be tolerated. The development of the black race must therefore proceed within itself. Looking at the results of a different sentiment in the Spanish-American colonies or in North Africa, one must be a bold reformer to desire that this rigid separation of races shall ever cease.

In their political relations, the

Southern States naturally lean towards an alliance with the Democratic party of the North, partly because the Democrats represented the opposition to the Republicans who conducted the war, and partly because the Democratic party, under one name or another, has always been that party which strenuously resisted all enlargements of the Federal power and jealously guarded the rights of the several States. In short, the Democratic party, besides other signal claims, such as its free trade tendencies, has this paramount claim to the allegiance of the South, that it is the party of local self-government as opposed to the party of centralized Federal power. Now, whilst the South accepts the decision of the war upon the question of secession as a constitutional right, it clings to its devotion to local self-government as exhibited in the several States.

For the most striking lesson of the last thirteen years is that, with good State laws honestly administered, the people may be happy with little or no real participation in the Central Government; and on the other hand, that the way to oppression and tyranny lies over the ruins of their State politics and the constitutional barriers separating them from the Central power. Bearing this in mind, the reader will understand how it was that, in the compromise terminating the prolonged contest over the disputed Presidential election of 1876, the South considered itself as substantially winning when it secured respectable State Governments in the States still overawed by Federal troops as the price of its acquiescence in the seating of a Republican President. Mr. Hayes has not belied the assurances which his friends gave of the fair treatment the South might expect from his moderation, his justice and his political wisdom.

A few words must be added as to the present position of material interests in these States.

Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, and Ten-

nessee have undoubtedly made rapid strides in development since the close of the war. The other States are generally described as having neither lost nor gained. There has probably been in all, except the two or three most oppressed by bad government, a slow increase of wealth—an increase, which is indicated in the statistics of production, but concealed from popular apprehension by the suffering incident to every period of great transition. The classes which have profited are not the articulate classes whose voices are most often heard. But an improvement from the bottom upwards has perhaps been steadily going on.

Still the population of the South is a thoroughly impoverished population, and this generation must be content to see all the great movements for development and culture, which depend for their vitality upon accumulated and fast growing wealth, make but feeble and languishing steps forward.

It is a severe ordeal for any community to have the rich stores of two centuries of industry suddenly swept away. That is what has happened to the South; and, in the modern world, loss of reserved wealth seems almost to imply retrogression in civilisation. But there is ground to hope that, with the return of real peace following upon the restoration of good government now enjoyed in every Southern State, not many years will pass before every part of that fair land will show unmistakable signs of new and vigorous life. The embers of civil strife are slowly dying out; even the present generation of Southern men is gradually rekindling a sincere, if not an ardent, national patriotism—the next, with less perplexing problems, more secure prosperity, and a love of country that has never known estrangement, will surely attain to

“Nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.”

ARCHER ANDERSON.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *February, 1879.*

RECENT HOMERIC CRITICISM.—MR. PALEY'S DEFENCE.

In the last number of this Magazine Mr. Paley has replied to my arguments against his theory with such courtesy and good temper that I feel exceedingly sorry at his having to take exception to some strong expressions which I had used. It is, I suppose, partly a national, but partly, I fear, a personal fault, that made me transgress the limits of perfect calmness, which he so strictly observes in his reply. I can only assure him (as I have already done at the close of my previous article) that any strong words applied to his argument have no application to himself—a man whom all of us respect, and whose gentleness and patience in controversy are indeed worthy of a better cause.

Thus, when I now proceed to complain of the unfairness of his reply, I do not for a moment suggest that he did not mean to be perfectly candid, or that he took advantage of any confusion of ideas to help him in the controversy. Nothing could be further from my thoughts. But, nevertheless, I am bound to argue that his statements are confused in themselves and unfair in their effects upon the unwary reader.

It is perhaps unreasonable to expect him to have looked back to my former article on the subject, but surely he ought to have done so before writing a reply in which he jumbles together my views with those of Mr. Gladstone and others, from whom I have declared my dissent. Any one merely reading his reply must infer from it that I was one of the herd of old *unitarians*, assuming the great antiquity and unity of the poems, and their committal to writing some 800 or 900 years before Christ. In fact he tabulates his own and the "commonly-received Homeric theory" in parallel columns; he says I have only repeated the old arguments, which he has all along endeavoured to refute. I will not here

attempt to repeat what has already been said at full length (*Macmillan's Magazine* for October, 1878), but must protest against being classed with scholars whom I oppose as strongly as I do Mr. Paley. Let us now proceed to take his points in detail.

He opens by stating that I have misunderstood him in thinking that he considered the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* new compositions (as to materials). He says they were no such thing, but rather poems which reduced to shape, curtailed, rearranged, &c., pre-existing materials, some very old, some of more recent, perhaps even of Periclean date. I am very willing to admit this correction, because it destroys another part of his theory—I mean the statement that the non-occurrence of Homeric stories in our Greek tragedies is due to the tragic poets not having known the stories in our Homer. He perpetually insists on this, and rejects the explanation which I have successfully (as I shall show) forced upon him, that they knew our Homer, but would not use him. Of course I inferred that he held the novelty not only of the form, but of the *matter* of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. This was his only possible position. But now he asserts that most of the materials were old. Immediately the question recurs: If they were old, why did not the tragic poets, who constantly composed plays on the *Troica*, use them? Were they inferior materials? Were they unsuitable? If, therefore, I formerly misunderstood him, it was only because I imagined his position to be more tenable than it now proves to be.

I may here call attention to an important collateral argument, urged by Mr. A. Lang in a recent article on the same question in the *Fortnightly Review*. He shows that Mr. Paley, in his anxiety to prove the greater antiquity of the Cyclic epics, has actually

presupposed in their composition the very conditions which he rejects as impossible at the same period for our Homer. If our Homer "extracted from and epitomised the *Cypria*, *Nostoi*, and *Little Iliad*," then these long poems existed in some fixed shape as far back as Pindar and the earlier tragic poets. How, then, is it absurd to attribute the same antiquity to our Homer?

The next couple of Mr. Paley's pages refer to the views of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grote, and to the increasing probability of a development theory accounting for our Homer. This part of his reply does not concern me—nay, rather coincides with what recent scholarship has accepted, and what I do not dispute.

But I pause at the *argumentum ad verecundiam* on p. 412 *b*, where he answers my charge that his chronology of the Periclean age was absurd, by saying, "Surely an editor of these very *tragici* could not be quite so ignorant as that!" And he goes on to recite his many and meritorious classical labours to show that such a charge against such a man is really monstrous. I am very sorry to be obliged to resist this appeal to authority. It is not for me to inquire into the psychological question how far an editor of many classical books may be exempt from error as to the mutual relations of the authors of these books. But it must be possible for a mind amply stored with rich materials to fail in the right ordering of these materials, and perhaps through want of some inferior and more practical qualities to set up a theory based on the dislocation of individually familiar and oft-considered facts. The present case is a signal example, and Mr. Paley cannot escape from the charge. Let me recapitulate it in the briefest and strictest form.

Mr. Paley has stated that the *tragic poets* did not borrow from our Homer because he was not yet known in their day.

Mr. Paley includes, and must include among the *tragici*, the poets

Sophocles and Euripides, who have left us the majority of the extant plays, and who do not borrow from our Homer in any respect more than Æschylus.

Mr. Paley must therefore have meant to state that our Homer was not composed, and the myths he used unknown, in the days of these poets.

Mr. Paley is obliged to concede that Plato knew our Homer, our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which he quotes 130 times at least, while in these, and in his other allusions to Homer, he never quotes or implies any other Homer than that which we possess. He moreover does mention apocryphal verses recited by the rhapsodists, and he speaks of the Homer we possess as the father and forerunner of tragedy.

Mr. Paley therefore concedes that our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed and became famous before the age of Plato, but after that of Euripides—the former of whom perpetually quotes our Homer, while the latter perpetually ignores him.

Now for the dates. Euripides lived till the year 406 B.C., and the majority of his extant tragedies were composed after the year 425 B.C. Sophocles lived to 405 B.C., and composed tragedies up to his death. Plato was born 429 B.C., and was grown up and educated while these poets were composing their later plays. I say, therefore, that Mr. Paley has dislocated two contemporaneous writers for the sake of his theory; he has invented a gap between the *tragici* and Plato. "Ἡ λάθεῖς ἢ οὐκ ἐνόησεν, ἀσάπτο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ."

Mr. Paley may say in his defence that all my statements are mere repetitions of old objections. If this be so, why did he never answer my capital objection?

He was perhaps the first to call public attention to the remarkable avoidance of our Homer by the tragedians—a very meritorious suggestion, and which we are bound, if possible, to explain. But he rejects the solution which I advocate, "that they were well known, and purposely ignored," as a strange proposition (p. 413, *δ*),

and one that does not convince] him. Will the reader be surprised to hear that in this very defence Mr. Paley is obliged to save himself by adopting in substance this very theory! "Whether," he says (p. 416, *b*), "Antimachus furnished the first written copy of our poet—or some other Ionic poet—it is clear that the *Tragics* preferred, to the last, the old traditional Homer, and not the newer literary recension [that is, our Homer]. It is quite certain they made no use of it. Whether they knew the Platonic Homer or not, we cannot pretend to say. The latest of Euripides' plays (*Iph. Aut.* 406 B.C.) is taken entirely from the *Cypria*, the opening chorus [which is spurious] having some passages occurring in our Homer mixed with others that do not." Thus Mr. Paley is at last driven to admit the possibility of our Homer being known to Sophocles and Euripides. He admits that the later tragedians are equally silent about him, as I had first pointed out. Admitting this possibility, he concedes that they must have preferred the *Cyclic* epics.

Now I ask the reader, Is it possible that our Homer, mentioned 170 times by the contemporary Plato, recognised as the king of poets, discussed as a book of education, read by boys and commented on by teachers, was not known to Euripides and Sophocles? Is it possible that they did not even know its materials? Is it possible that they considered them inferior to the *Cyclic* epics? Thus this very chronological absurdity, which he thinks too obvious for any scholar, has actually driven him into supporting his case by the arguments of his adversary.

We now turn to the other main point at issue. Mr. Paley and I are agreed that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are literary productions, and were not composed till their author or authors were in possession of writing; with the help of which alone such long and intricate structures could be framed and carried out. I have urged specially that it is not the dissemination, but the composition of the poems which

demand this condition. Here we have a major limit for the age of the poems. They were not composed till writing was in use among the Greeks. But I insisted particularly that writing among literary men and for literary purposes only was quite sufficient, and that while such men used writing for their compositions, the public need not be a reading public. Mr. Paley evidently feels the force of this distinction, and tries to evade it. "He" [Mr. Mahaffy] "thinks it quite self-evident that Pindar and the *Tragics* must have written their compositions. This is plausible, and might be granted, perhaps; but it does not go nearly far enough. We want to show that there was a demand for written literature, and that people in those days were not entertained with spectacles and recitations. But this cannot be shown," &c. (P. 414, *b*.)

I must object *in limine* to the hazy vagueness (1) of his admissions. Let him tell us distinctly whether he thinks it possible that Æschylus composed his trilogies without the use of writing. If he does, we may relegate him to Bedlam,—if he does not, he must admit the use of writing for literary purposes in the opening of the fifth century, and long before the age of Pericles. The same will follow concerning Pindar, whose Fourth Pythian Ode (for example) is a composition inconceivable in every way without the use of writing. When Mr. Paley objects (p. 415, *b*) that I could not have known the passage in which Pindar charges a messenger to convey his ode orally, his charge of ignorance against me may easily be retorted. In the first place I had argued that writing was required for the composition, and not for the recitation of elaborate poems. In the next place, has Mr. Paley forgotten that a Pindaric ode required special music and figured dancing—that the mere words were a mere libretto of a mimic and musical performance? We might as well infer that if Wagner comes from Germany to England with an opera which he has written for the

English public, he cannot have put it down in writing, but carries it in his head. Thus Pindar, when he did not himself train his chorus, was bound to send some efficient conductor, who knew the poet's work thoroughly, to instruct and prepare its performance. Mr. Paley will, I suppose, exclaim, "How could I be ignorant of all this?" But a man may know a great many things, and not bring them together into proper relation. (2) His *postulates* are not more tenable. Why "must we show that there was a demand for written literature;" that people were not content with recitations, &c.? Is it for the sake of the facts, or for the sake of Mr. Paley's theory? I had maintained, and still do maintain, that writing as a *literary resource* is quite sufficient to enable us to understand the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. I maintain that while Æschylus wrote his plays, the early Attic public may have been quite content to hear them, as they were content to hear the epics recited. Why, I should like to know, must we hold that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* could not be composed till people wanted to have them in their hands and read them?

As soon as we have clearly re-established this distinction, Mr. Paley himself affords us ample evidence to refute his conclusions. He quotes (p. 414, b) my expression, "diffusion of books in a literary society," as if I had postulated it as early as 500 B.C. I did no such thing. I said the minor limit of such a condition at Athens was about 410 B.C., when Aristophanes says, "Every man had his book," and when Plato was grown up.

But as to the knowledge and use of writing in 500 B.C. Mr. Paley himself reproduces a few specimens *out of very many* he has copied from vases which he refers to the year 500 B.C. He says we have *thousands of such specimens of Greek handwriting* (p. 414). Now I should like to know could we possibly have any more conclusive proof that writing was commonly known and diffused through Greece before this epoch? If every common

potter can write names on his pots, are we still to doubt whether Pindar and Simonides, living at the same time, did or did not use writing for their lyric poems? Any fair critic would imagine that Mr. Paley's adversaries could not find a stronger argument against him. How then does he use it on his side?

"Though," says he (p. 414), "we have thousands of such specimens, &c., on archaic vases, these are all so amazingly bad that they are often illegible! Indeed the style of spelling, the letters in use, above all, the almost universal practice of writing *backwards*, render the notion of a written *Iliad* of 500 B.C. almost inconceivable."

When I first read this sentence I doubted for a moment whether I was under an insane delusion as to its meaning, or whether Mr. Paley was not jesting when he wrote it. What does he mean by *amazingly bad* and *often illegible*? The words he gives as specimens (p. 415) are anything but bad, and anything but illegible, to any one who has learned the alphabet in which they are written. If they are illegible to the readers of this Magazine, what does that prove?

But again, admitting them to be illegible, for argument's sake, is not that the strongest proof of a *wide diffusion* of writing, and not of its infancy? The longer men write, and the better people can read, the more careless do scribes become. Fugitive and careless manuscript is therefore clearly an evidence not that people write with difficulty, but that *they can read well*.

Again, what does he mean by "the style of spelling and the letters in use" rendering the notion of a written *Iliad* inconceivable? Is it their unlikeness to our letters? Is it their clumsiness? Is it that the spelling is variable, and does not agree with later orthography? Surely a comparison of the Egyptian papyri and Assyrian bricks shows that men have written endless documents and developed an extensive literature with a graphic system infinitely more cumbrous and unmanageable.

But I have kept the most wonderful point for the last. What in the name of common sense does he mean by "the almost universal practice of writing *backwards*?" Does he imagine that all nations are bound to write from left to right, and that any Greek potter who dares to violate that rule *writes backwards*,¹ and thereby proves he is incompetent to write out a long book? If so, he is ignorant of the patent fact that the Greeks learned from the Phœnicians, and consequently at first wrote from right to left, the opposite fashion being only gradually introduced. Or else he must mean that people who write from right to left are incapable of a written literature, when we have the whole Hebrew Bible and the whole of Arabic literature, not to say every man's common sense, to contradict him. These old pots are in fact valuable evidence from the period at which the Greeks had not yet broken loose from the habit of their Semitic teachers, and possibly the potters kept up the old order long after literary men had entered upon that remarkable innovation which determined the order of writing from left to right for all modern Europe. I cannot imagine any other hidden meaning which could import any reasonable sense into the remark. As it stands we might fairly charge Mr. Paley with assuming that the potters insisted (for their practice was "almost universal") on reversing the natural order of the letters, and that as our *Iliad* is now written from left to right, these people must have been too ignorant and incapable to adopt this order, and attempted the same problem as if we nowadays were to attempt to write *Paradise Lost* backwards. Such an argument however is only fit for a comedy, and would more than justify the remark of his German critic (in the *Lit. Centralblatt*) who thinks him

¹ If *writing backwards* means reversing the ordinary method, then "the almost universal practice of writing backwards" is a contradiction in terms, and a complete absurdity, for to those who use it the universal practice cannot be *backwards*.

but little acquainted with the history and later researches in *Epigraphik*.

This is indeed evident from his remark about the now famous inscription of the Greek mercenaries of Psammetichus, which must date either about 650 or 600 B.C. "When I have had opportunity of examining it," says he, "I shall be prepared to give my opinion about it." What does this mean? Does it mean that he wants to see the actual inscription, or that he doubts its existence, as a thing new and strange to him? But it is now the first and most important document from which every writer in Greek inscriptions starts. It is reproduced in Lepsius' *Briefe*, it is discussed in Kirchhoff's *Studies on the Greek Alphabet*, and in fact in every book and by every author who pretends to any knowledge of the subject. How has Mr. Paley contrived to avoid forming an opinion about it? If he will not accept the consent of scholars about it, surely he is bound to refute them.

As to the other testimony of the pots, that in early times the Cyclic epics were far more popular and more widely known than the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he has brought together much important evidence, and has thus contributed valuable material to the study of the Homeric problem. But the silence of the vases is by itself quite incompetent to overthrow the irrefutable proofs that both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not late compositions, and must therefore be explained, as the silence of the tragedies is explained, by conscious avoidance. Whether the avoidance is indeed complete is more than doubtful. Scholars of eminence in that department differ from Mr. Paley, and the question cannot be settled without an honest and candid cataloguing of the subjects and a numerical statement as to the occurrence of each.

The question of the Homeric language is also a question of great detail, which will require a particular study of each form, and distinct proofs in each case that the forms alleged to be modern by Mr. Paley are indeed foreign to old Epic diction. So far as I know, he has

offered no such proofs, and his assertions on this point are mostly based on the very weak argument of non-occurrence in our very fragmentary older documents. Of course a form may not chance to occur in the scanty remnants of old Greek literature, and may nevertheless have been long in common use. Again, the real occurrence of modernisms does not prove the late composition, but the late transcription of the MSS. we possess, which the Alexandrian critics used for their recension. We have no reason to think that any copy survived older than 450 B.C., and no doubt many accommodations to the modern recitations must be made in them. But these may only affect the purity of our text; it is quite another thing to prove that they must be coeval with its first construction.

There is but one more point to be mentioned. Mr. Paley and I differ on the allusions in Herodotus and Pindar to Homer. He thinks they are reconcilable with an ignorance of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; I think this impossible, especially in the case of Herodotus, who wrote most of his works before the year 425 B.C. But this again is an inquiry into special passages for which I have not here the space, nor my readers the patience. The general public must judge from our other arguments which of us is likely to be right. I invite the student to take up any good index to Herodotus and go through the passages seriatim, or else to read the discussion of them in Sengebusch's *Dissertatio Homerica prior*.

I cannot conclude without again apologising to Mr. Paley if, in refuting his arguments, I have been betrayed into any expressions disrespectful to himself. It would be wrong in me to conceal my honest opinion that most of his reply is so vague as to betray a

slovenly way of thinking, and a want of grasping with clearness and firmness the general conditions of his problem. In one case, that of the "backward writing," he seems to me to have talked arrant nonsense. But these things do not detract from the worth of his other labours, or from his great usefulness as a commentator.

While I do not think he will gain adherents in England, I rather wonder that he has made no converts in Germany, except Dr. John Oberdick—a suggestive name. A nation in which a great thinker (no less a man than J. G. Fichte) could be found to say that he had arrived at the Wolfian theory on Homer *metaphysically à priori*, ought to supply to Mr. Paley similar supporters who could show that his opinions are universal and necessary truths developed from internal consciousness. This is indeed the position of the theory in his own mind. He has thought over it so long that it has become a primary truth to which all evidence can be easily accommodated. If an old author citing Homer deviates one word from our texts, he is declared to have had a different poem before him. If he alludes to the writing, we are told he means painting.

It is really a great pity that Plato will insist on citing our Homer, and nothing but our Homer. Why not join the school of Ast, and reject the Dialogues because such quotations occur? It will then be child's play for Mr. Paley and Dr. John Oberdick to prove both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* the invention of Aristarchus, and establish the undying fame of those musty grammarians who spent their lives in conflicts of pedantry among the bleak sandhills and the dusty bookshelves of Alexandria.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

CHAMOUNI AND RYDAL.

I stood one shining morning where
 The last pines stand on Montanvert,
 Gazing on giant spires that grow
 From the great frozen gulfs below.

How sheer they soared, how piercing rose
 Above the mists, beyond the snows !
 No thinnest veil of vapour hid
 Each sharp and airy pyramid.

No breeze moaned there, nor cooing bird,
 Deep down the torrent raved, unheard,
 Only the cow-bells' clang, subdued,
 Shook in the fields below the wood.

The vision vast, the lone large sky,
 The kingly charm of mountains high,
 The boundless silence, woke in me
 Abstraction, reverence, reverie.

Days dawned that felt as wide away
 As the far peaks of silvery gray,
 Life's lost ideal, love's last pain,
 In those full moments throbbed again.

And a much differing scene was born
 In my mind's eye on that blue morn ;
 No splintered snowy summits there
 Shot arrowy heights in crystal air :

But a calm sunset slanted still
 O'er hoary crag and heath-flushed hill,
 And at their foot, by birchen brake,
 Dimpled and smiled an English lake.

I roamed where I had roamed before,
With heart elate in years of yore,
Through the green glens by Rotha side,
Which Arnold loved, where Wordsworth died.

That flower of heaven, eve's tender star,
Trembled with light above Nab Scar ;
And from his towering throne aloft
Fairfield poured purple shadows soft.

The tapers twinkled through the trees
From Rydal's bower-bound cottages,
And gentle was the river's flow,
Like love's own quivering whisper low.

One held my arm will walk no more
On Loughrigg steeps by Rydal shore,
And a sweet voice was speaking clear—
Earth had no other sound so dear.

Her words were, as we passed along,
Of noble sons of truth and song,—
Of Arnold brave, and Wordsworth pure,
And how their influences endure.

"They have not left us—are not dead,
(The earnest voice beside me said,)
For teacher strong and poet sage
Are deeply working in the age.

For aught we know they now may brood
O'er this enchanted solitude,
With thought and feeling more intense
Than we in the blind life of sense.

On us and others (who shall tell?)
Maybe is falling here a spell
From Arnold's knightly spirit free,
And Wordsworth's grave serenity."

Hill-ward we stepped o'er turf and stone,
The clear voice-current warbling on,
I little answering, loth to stay
That stream of silver on its way.

Sometimes I checked her, with a smile,
 For the quick heart to breathe a while;
 Sometimes she stopped to stoop and pull
 Some ambushed blossom beautiful.

Those tones are hushed, that light is cold,
 And we (but not the world) grow old;
 The joy, "the bloom of young desire,"
 The zest, the force, the strenuous fire,

Enthusiasms bright, sublime,
 That heaven-like made that early time;—
 These all are gone: must faith go too?
 Is truth too lovely to be true?

In nature dwells no kindling soul?
 Moves no vast life throughout the whole?
 Are not thought, knowledge, love's sweet might,
 Shadows of substance infinite?

Shall rippling river, bow of rain,
 Blue mountains, and the bluer main,
 Red dawn, gold sundown, pearly star,
 Be fair, *nor something fairer far?*

That awful hope, so deep, that swells
 At the keen clash of Easter bells,
 Is it a waning moon, that dies
 As morn-like lights of science rise?

By all that yearns in art and song,
 By the vague dreams that make men strong,
 By memory's penance, by the glow
 Of lifted mood poetic,—No!

No! by the stately forms that stand
 Like angels in yon snowy land:
 No! by the stars that, pure and pale,
 Look down each night on Rydal vale.

J. TRUMAN.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE SLUMS?

It is a sad and discreditable fact that in the richest and most civilised city of the world chronic overcrowding is worse than ever. In spite of all the humane dead-lifts that have been made to purify by sanitary laws, and to patch up bits of dilapidation here and there; in spite of the unostentatious generosity of noble-hearted individuals, and the joint-stock efforts of philanthropy and political economy to prove that benevolence well managed may earn five per cent, or at least four-and-a-half; in spite of what has been effected by the munificence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and by the gifts of Mr. Peabody, the congestion of work-a-day life in great tracts of London has under our eyes sensibly increased, is dangerously increasing, and ought, without further paltering, to be effectually diminished. The day is past for fiddle-faddle theories about the general adequacy or the partial applicability of the principles of supply and demand to the roofing of four millions of people who have been drawn together in the smallest space ever occupied by such a mass of human beings, and who cannot by any force or persuasion be scattered over the less populous regions of the realm, because if they move they must starve. Here they are, and here for the most part they are certain to remain, earning their bread and obeying the law, and contributing their quota of indirect taxes to the state, without mutinous cabal or anarchic plot or tumultuous gatherings, even to complain, yet doomed to dwell—hundreds of thousands of them—in styes and dens not fit for brutes to be stalled in, far less for fellow Christians. It is no use railing at the selfishness of great proprietors of house property, who might, if they would, do a good deal to abate the existing evil and check its growth in future. There are few metropolitan landlords who have the power, and still fewer who have the

will, of the Duke of Westminster. He rebuilds where he pulls down; and he rebuilds not merely mansions more luxurious for those who can afford them, but, near and around, dwellings of varied dimensions for those who follow various sorts of industry, and lightsome, cheerful, and well-ventilated habitations for such as live by waged labour. This is what comes of keeping a conscience, and acting up to one's responsibilities. This is the true conservatism which heaps coals of fire upon the head of democracy, and which, if it were generally followed in social matters, would take the bread out of the mouth of agitators, and leave Communism not a chance of converts. If the graduation of society as it exists in England is to continue, the intermingling of classes must be allowed and even encouraged in great towns as well as in country parishes. The true ringleaders of anarchy to come are the men who clear the hill-side and the valley to escape liability in time of need, or to extend for ostentation rather than pleasure cover for game or park for deer. These are the real propagandists of the counter creed in Levelling, not the penniless mobs casually gathered to shout "Rent by jury," or "lots apiece for all." England hates uniformity, and should uniformity ever come, the civilisation, worth, and glory of England will be no more. It will never come if landed property learns betimes the prudence of being patriotic, and eschews as poison the egotism of over-expenditure. But are the duties of property less in the swarming parishes of a town than in the hamlet-studded regions of a sparsely-populated county? To impartial observers they would seem to be even more obligatory, inasmuch as the good fruits of their performance and the ill consequences of their neglect are incalculably greater. And yet it is unhappily

notorious that in too many instances society pleads in vain for sympathy or help in its struggle for decent and wholesome dwellings, to the great owners of house property. Some of them are content to keep up the lucrative slum; for it pays well, uncommonly well, scandalously well. The middlemen can afford to take leases for years of courts and alleys and sides of back streets at extra rents because, as everybody knows who chooses to know, they can, by over-crowding, sub-let them at usurious profit. Other proprietors affect disdain of this sordid and unsavoury mode of money-making. They are all for demolition and re-building on the genteel principle. They would improve the town by improving the estate, and their plan is to improve the working population out of sight. The bees may make honey while they can by day, but the lordly hive must be cleared of them at night. No weary loiterers allowed. Lodging-houses must be interdicted; sub-letting of all kinds forbidden under penalties; and, in a word, class distinction made the condition and test of toleration in locality. The only comfort is that there are not a great many large proprietors of this way of thinking in any of our great cities. The vast preponderance of house property belongs to persons comparatively obscure and wholly powerless to influence, individually or even by ordinary combination, the plight of the circumjacent neighbourhood in which their very names and addresses are almost unknown. Small freeholds and long leases so abound in nine-tenths of London, that to save time and trouble it may be said at once, if a law of amelioration is to have any practical efficacy it must be made with reference specifically to them. And if it be useless to upbraid lordly owners of slum, equally idle is it to set about scolding what are sometimes called the shabby and greedy owners of a score or a dozen dingy or disreputable houses. The rents so derived are their income, frequently inherited,

or left by will, or taken over in payment of mortgage. You might as well try to whistle the birds off the bushes as to coax these people to give up their rents for a twelvemonth, pull down their wretched houses, and borrow money to build them up again for the benefit of they don't know whom, merely in compliance with the principles of philanthropy. Yet this hideous mockery of an alternative is practically what the enlightened public would seem to rely on for the abatement of the most pressing evil of the day. Empty chatter about supply and demand, *laissez-faire* in house-building, and political homilies about keeping the smallest room clean, make up the beginning and middle and end of all that political economists and starched *doctrinaires* of every description have to say upon the subject. Do not landlords know best what sort of tenants they want? Do not workmen know best what sort of accommodation they need? If they are dirty or lazy or drunken, will they not swelter and grub wherever they are? And would they not to-morrow make a piggyery of any new room they were placed in? If they are cleanly, sober, and decent, will they not travel by tram to the suburbs or by rail to the country where they can have fresh air for nothing—yes, and any amount of wet-through and dry-again experience into the bargain? But this, or the greater part of it, is mere nonsense, intensely provocative of bitter and resentful scoff wherever men are driven together to drink care away and listen to wild schemes of subversive change as their only hope of escape from the misery of over-crowding.

There is not a large employer of labour who has the intellect or the heart to inquire into the condition of his workmen, who does not feel the importance of their dwelling within reasonable distance of their work. He knows by practical experience that the majority of them will not, if they can help it, go far off; and he knows that he and they would be the worse

for it if they did. Men of wealth and humane disposition are in many instances anxious to provide accommodation for their people close at hand; and instances might be named where this has been done, not from any pitiful desire to speculate in the wants of labour, or with the least taint of the miserable greed reprehended in the Truck Acts, but simply from an honourable and withal prudential desire to keep wage dependants in comfort and content. An unspeakably wretched and vile range of houses off Drury Lane were some years ago removed, not all at once but by degrees, by the Local Authorities. One plot was bought and built on by the School Board, and another by Messrs. Pfeil, Stedall, and Son, partly for additional warehouses and partly to provide decent habitations for a certain number of their work-people at moderate rents payable out of their wages. But continually employers are baulked in the attempt by the existing state of the law. The same impediments that have hitherto hindered local authorities in replacing decayed with healthful dwellings, baffle them. Take an example from the experience of yesterday. One of the largest firms in central London found their best workpeople worried and harassed by eviction from their homes by the dilapidatory sweep of what are called metropolitan improvements. Hundreds of houses full of inhabitants from cellar to garret were cleared away in the course of a few months. The first batch dispossessed were able to squeeze into the surrounding streets already far too full; but the succeeding detachments of fugitives from the crowbar and pick-axe of pitiless improvement had to wander hither and thither; permanently but inevitably expanding the circle of slum: for in no case worth mentioning, was any provision made for the want of habitation thus created; nor to the present hour has there been. Messrs. Combe and Co. not choosing to look on passively at this dislocation of industry set about trying how the portion of it might be countervailed that affected

their own best hands. They found abutting on their stables a tumble-down house crammed with lodgers; the cellarage reeking with filth; the small rooms fetid, not from prevalence of statutable disease, but from the far commoner, and not less certain, pestilence of over-used and re-inhaled air. They sought out the owner, who had a mind to sell, and who could be bribed by 500*l.* to do so. As quickly as might be a higher and roomier structure was raised in lieu of the old one, and half-a-dozen families were most thankful to have each their healthful apartments to occupy at a moderate rent. Seeing the experiment worked well, Messrs. Combe wished to provide similarly for some more of their people. Their surveyor reported that next door was a lodging-house if possible in a still more execrable condition. *Nine* wretched women slept in one room, and the rest was all in keeping. He was instructed to offer an equal sum in purchase. It was refused, and 1,200*l.* stated as the lowest price that could be even considered.

Disgusted at the extortionate demand, they hesitated; but, after a little, sent a cheque with authority to close the bargain; whereupon the genteel owner advanced to 1,600*l.*, and refused point blank to listen to less. Had the Act of 1868 been passed as the House of Commons voted it, this miserable abuse of the very name of property would not remain without easy and equitable remedy. The vile den would have been indicted upon the requisition of the neighbours as unfit for further habitation. The fair price would have been given under the Lands Clauses Arbitrament as compensation; the site would have been bought by the firm alluded to and rebuilt on; or, if not, the local authority would have received the requisite funds from the Exchequer Loan Commissioners at four per cent, and when the erection was finished, sold it for reimbursal to some private individual, with covenants against its misuse hereafter, under penalty of forfeiting

title. Look on this picture and on that,—and say which were best for the employers, the workmen, the parish, the town.

Parliament has twice within the last few years essayed to deal by statute with the growing evil—for growing with the growth and deepening with the intensity of aggregation it is undoubted. In 1868 the House of Commons, after repeated discussions, passed without a division a Bill giving the municipal authority (whether corporation, vestry, or local board) four distinct powers, viz.: 1. To compel repair of unwholesome dwellings, under penalty of demolition; 2. To pull down, and sell the freehold of the site; 3. To compensate the owner for the fair value under the Lands Clauses Act; and 4. To build workmen's dwellings with money borrowed at four per cent, charging the payment for thirty years upon the rates. The authors and advocates of the measure convinced the elective branch of the legislature that these provisions were necessary for the reform of the slums, and that if granted, they would be efficacious, not suddenly or magically—nobody said that,—but steadily and safely, because gradually, as all great changes ought to be made. If selfish house-owners would not purify and repair over-used habitations, they ought to be removed; but if removed, they ought, as fast as possible, to be re-built, in order that the adjacent district might not be made just so much the worse for the change. No local authority can be found, however, willing to take away their neighbours' property without paying a reasonable price for it; and therefore the House of Commons agreed upon the application to cases of this kind of the same righteous and reasonable rule of equitable compensation which is adopted where property is taken for railways, canals, or street widenings. And had the Bill become law as thus framed and approved, we should have far less misery and degradation caused by over-crowding in decayed dwellings at the present hour. Unhappily, a small

knot of obstructionists in the House of Lords took advantage of the lateness of the session to strike out the compensation and re-building clauses. They well knew that without these the elective and responsible local authorities would shrink from enforcing demolition, and that consequently old and pestilential, but withal lettable and lucrative rookeries, would continue to be crowded by hard-driven toilers for weekly wages. The transparent pretext for thus mutilating the measure was that if the power to pull down was given it would be exercised regardless of consequences; and that if exercised, the rule of supply and demand would do the rest. In vain the hollowness of all this was pointed out at the time. Profitable slum was to be respite for another decade, and respited it has been. Ten years' experience has shown that without compensatory and reconstructive enactments the work cannot be adequately done; and it is therefore natural and fitting that once more Parliament should be asked to consider the subject, and to recur to its own good intentions of ten years ago. The Bill of 1868, in the very words in which it then passed the Commons, was re-introduced before Christmas. Full opportunity has been afforded for its re-examination ere it comes up for second reading at Easter. Throughout the Metropolis there has hardly been a dissentient voice heard. Vestries, district boards, clergy, magistrates, and physicians all desire some such enactment whereby in all parts of the town simultaneously, the worst instances of insalubrity may be dealt with—bit by bit, half a dozen houses at a time, here a little and there a little more, without any sweeping displacement in any one spot of a helpless population who, badly lodged as they are now, can only be rendered more miserable and make others equally so when unearthed by wholesale.

In London the Vestries and District Boards of Works have been blamed for not doing more to reform the degenerate and overcrowded parts of the

town. Nothing can be more unjust. They were ready enough to undertake the task. They petitioned to be allowed to perform it. They stretched out their municipal hands for the implements of good. The House of Commons said they should have them; but the House of Lords broke the promise thus held out, of the pick-axe for one hand and the trowel for the other, and left them to deal with the misery of insufficient roofage, offering them instead the alternatives of doing nothing or pulling down without the power to rebuild. Legislative mockery! The people groan for the fewness and closeness and rottenness of their dwellings, and the Vestries were told by the Lords of Parliament to lessen the number by demolition, and thereby to render the rest more productive of rent, filth, and degradation.

All corporate bodies have their faults. It has ever been and will ever be so while society is made up of fallible men. The Metropolitan Vestries have sometimes fallen into mistakes for which they have had to bear no stinted measure of reproach. But in not ruthlessly putting in force the uncompensatory and uncreative provisions insidiously suggested by the Lords in the Bill of 1868 they are deserving of thanks not taunts; for the effect of their doing so would only have been a sore aggravation of the evil. With great discrimination and humane skill they did in many instances all that the mutilated law enabled them safely to do. They served notice on the rent-urser to put his houses into habitable condition under penalty of having them shut up or pulled down. In hundreds of cases, after parley and altercation, the premises have been put into tenantable order sooner than have them closed. The best thing could not be done with them, but the next best thing was, and in the present state of affairs that is something. Thousands of women and children have thereby been left their old shelter until better times come—if they shall ever come. They will come whenever

the legislature has the Christian wisdom to permit local authorities to replace tumble-down dwellings grown unhealthy by long over-use, with wholesome habitations, roomier and loftier, and guaranteed against being too much sublet and thereby being too highly rack-rented. Of course what has been done during the last few years in this matter of compulsory repair has not made the superficial stare, and has not figured in statistical returns—those patent sieves with the Lion-and-the-Unicorn warranty which let most of the vital facts of vulgar life slip through. No pharisaic folio, hot-pressed by Hansard and sent free by post, tells what dens have been cleared out, what barracoons have had some of God's fresh air let to sigh through them, under and by virtue of the provisions left in the Bill of 1868, and quietly, thoughtfully, and wisely put in force by the local authorities of Islington, Clerkenwell, Holborn, Bloomsbury. Take, for example, five years' work under the unfairly fettered Act of 1868, and we shall see how it would have worked had it not been bound by Westbury's green withes. A return for that period furnished to the District Board of Works for Bloomsbury shows the following results:—Thirty groups, containing in all a hundred-and-sixty houses, situated in various portions of the parish of St. Giles's, were condemned as unfit for human habitation, and notices served upon their respective owners that if not put into tenantable order, that is to say, freed from defects tending to shorten life by the generation of disease, they would be pulled down. A single house was the subject in two or three instances of denunciation; the remainder were clusters varying from two to fifteen. Under the threat of demolition fifty-three dwellings were cleansed, drained, made water-tight at the roof, and, in short, rendered habitable. And of these some eight or nine were eventually rebuilt, probably because it was found as hard now as of old to put new wine into old bottles. Some eight or nine having been left unrepaired

by their owners or leaseholders were shut up till further notice, that further time might be given for purchasers. The remaining ninety-nine were actually pulled down, and the local authority having no power to rebuild themselves (in consequence of the anti-amendments of the House of Lords), had no choice but to offer the sites to whoever would take them, in order that they should not lie waste and the parish be the poorer by loss of rates. To blame the local municipality for not pulling down where they could enforce repair, or for pulling down without being able to rebuild, or, finally, for letting the sites by competition when there was nothing else to be done with them, is the mere impudence of idle and ignorant pedantry, neither just, rational, nor true. Some of the sites thus disposed of by the Bloomsbury Board of Works were taken for schools, some by philanthropic societies or by individual builders for new dwellings, some for warehouses, and some few were not taken at all. Had the Bill been passed as the Commons voted it, all would have been devoted to replacing the habitations destroyed, but having been flung in a supercilious fit of indifference to rent-usury at the heads of the Vestries and District Boards, they were helpless to do better than they have done. They were given an Act to make the worst of it for the health and contentment of the people: they took the Act and they made the best of it. Yet we are told by empirics and quacks that it is no use trusting a reform of the slums to the municipal bodies that have the greatest conceivable interest in their reformation; and that nothing will do but to give the whole matter as further prey into the maw of centralism to be crunched and gulped and ruminated at will by that unaccountable and unaccounting creature. Wretched and ruinous have been the results of other experiments of this kind within recent years, and miserable will be the disappointment and discontent if, in weariness of hope deferred, metropolitan communities submit to be divested of

one of their most humanising and healthful functions instead of insisting upon the proper powers being at length conceded for their due performance.

Sixty-six houses demolished and replaced, or, in other words, 250 human beings rescued from wallowing in the mire, as though they were no better than swine, and enabled to dwell in decency and cleanliness and health, equally near the scene of their humble toil, is not a despicable tale of bricks made without straw. The stint in the straw is the burden of Egypt, let fine gentlemen philanthropists laugh at it if they will. But had the local authorities in Bloomsbury had common fair play by law from 1872 to 1877, instead of 250 men, women, and children so redeemed from degradation, dirt, and disease, four times that number would have been readily and cheerfully rescued. What the optics of the peers could not see in 1868 the simple eyes of local self-government recognised clearly enough, namely, that within gunshot of Trafalgar Square it would be better for the parish to have so many good new houses instead of rotten, tumble-down, villanous dens; and if given by statute the power of buying up these latter at Lands Clauses price, and rebuilding if necessary with money at four per cent, charged on the rates, they would be idiots if they did not steadily put in operation powers so beneficial.

"It has been asserted," says Dr. Septimus Gibbon, medical officer of health for the Holborn district,¹ "that we do not apply this excellent Act of Parliament so much as we ought to do; this is a mistake. Our Board took an active part in getting it passed, and endeavoured, unfortunately without success, to get the provision for opening out close courts and alleys which existed in the original draft of the Bill retained; and ever since the day that it received the Royal assent, we have been applying, or threatening to apply, the Act to houses that could be fairly subjected to it. Besides

¹ *Annual Report District Board of Works*, 1876, p. 29.

having 150 houses, belonging chiefly to one owner, put into a complete state of sanitary repair, it has been actually applied to 153 other houses, with the result of causing seventy-six to be thoroughly repaired and improved, fifty-one to be demolished, twenty-six to be rebuilt, and five to be closed. This progress will not appear culpably slow to any one who knows the manner in which the Act deals with the various owners of such property."

Meanwhile, vast dilapidation has taken place in the same district for the purpose of making a great thoroughfare from Oxford Street across Farringdon Street to Bethnal Green, under the provisions of a separate New Street Act. Several thousand dwellings densely occupied have for this purpose within the last five years been demolished, and their inhabitants, without condition, compensation, or commiseration, told to be gone. Most of these people earned their bread by humble industries of various kinds in the neighbourhood; but what of that! the neighbourhood on all sides was already chock full, as full as health and decency would allow; but what of it! their evicted friends and workmates, who by coaxing, bribing, or squeezing in, where fairly there was no room for them, might, nay, must, smudge the face of their cleanliness, use up the air of living and sleeping rooms already too often inhaled, and blunt the edge of decency theretofore with difficulty preserved; but what of that? Did not the Street Act contain certain attenuated provisions, reluctantly inserted by the Upper House, directing the Metropolitan Board to offer a certain number of plots in the waste ground they made for the building of workmen's dwellings? but what of that! the devastation is a fact, huge, gaunt, and hideous, that any one may go and see for himself if he will; the extirpation of the multitude is a fact which all the surrounding regions know to their cost; but the pretended rebuildings are not a fact, not a brick of them up to the present

hour. In the parish of Clerkenwell alone eight streets, and seven courts and alleys, containing together 219 houses, varying in rent from 25*l.* to 40*l.* a year were levelled to the ground, and their inmates, in number probably estimated at 2,200, were dispersed over the surrounding district.

In the report of a visitation in January last without notice of any kind to owners or occupants interested, made by the Vicar of St. James's, a large employer of labour in Barnsbury, and one of the Members for the Borough, a graphic description is given of one segment of the zone of dirt, disease, and degradation created by this particular specimen of summary and sweeping town improvement. A somewhat similar proceeding had five-and-twenty years ago cut an enormous hole from north to south through the same region, which was left almost empty until the other day. What remained of Saffron Hill was consequently overloaded with human beings, amongst others by a colony of Italian workmen and organ-grinders; and there they contrived, the rest of the world knew not how, to shelter together at nights, their occupation being out of doors by day. The transverse scheme of statutable havoc running from east to west put them once more to flight, and they have settled anew on the first incline of Pentonville Hill, filling every cellar and attic and room between by the "open sesame" of their hard-won earnings. A worthy tradesman who has lived all his life in one of the quiet respectable streets of the region told his visitors that it had become hardly bearable for decent folk to remain in. Pointing to a house opposite he said—"Until three years ago it was tidily kept by a quiet family, who let the first floor towards paying the rent. Lodgers are now in the kitchen at 3*s.* a week, the attics are the same, and the ground floor and the first floor are never empty at double that sum; so that above rent, repairs, and taxes it yields a little income. But you may judge what sort of quiet there

is after dark when every house in the street is pretty much in the same condition, only most of them worse, and at far lower rents. In one house near the corner seven men and women are sleeping in the same room." Wending eastward towards Bishopsgate the same cry of bitter and unassuaged complaint assails the ear. Around Meeting House Yard on Christmas Eve eighteen streets, alleys, and courts consisting of 240 houses, not of the best description, but nevertheless capable of sheltering from winter weather, 2,500 human beings, in the words of one of their dispossessed inmates "stood dismantled as if shattered by earthquake; the streets, alleys, courts, and yards are voiceless and deserted, for those that once ate, drank, slept, and worked here have disappeared from them for ever"¹—no provision whatever, either temporary or permanent, being made for them.

The present Home Secretary, with a laudable ambition to identify his name with beneficent legislation, volunteered to pledge on coming into office in 1874 to introduce a measure more thorough and effectual than the half-granted Bill of 1868 had proved. Early in the following Session he proceeded to redeem his word and to explain the enactment which now bears his name. "The rookeries," said Mr. Cross, "must come down," and as one means of preventing the re-appearance of the sanitary evils with which they abound he declared his belief in the necessity of driving wide thoroughfares through the over-built regions, putting an end thereby to the stagnation and seclusion which in so many portions of the town were notoriously to be found. There was no use, he thought, in dealing with the matter in detail. New currents of light and air must be let in upon the dark and desolate places of all our great cities, if for no other reason than to break up the unhealthy and demoralising associations which tended to keep them what they

were. For large schemes of improvement, requiring the expropriation simultaneously of property belonging to many owners, and situated sometimes in different parishes, it was deemed indispensable to have one local authority for the Metropolis, and for this purpose the Metropolitan Board, with its powers of general rating and borrowing, appeared to be best qualified. The equitable claim of the owner to be compensated fairly for his property taken away was again asserted by the Commons, and no longer controverted by the Lords, and the imperative need of reconstructing habitations for artisans and labourers as numerous, and of a better kind than those condemned to removal, was specifically recognised and declared. But once more the misleading Will o' the Wisp of *laissez-faire* intervened, and lured the legislature from the high road to its purpose. The Act of 1875 stopped short at the point of rebuilding by the local authority, where private enterprise failed to do so. Its authors clung to the bureaucratic tradition that when they had seized, paid for, demolished, and offered to make room for building speculation on a great scale, the whole of their duty was performed. The Bill consequently contained no security whatever that the one thing needful would be done either promptly, economically, or at all; but unbounded confidence was expressed in the efficacy of the wholesale temptations to individual builders and building companies, who it was said would do all that was required. The advocates of the previous system, which it was said would be thus superseded, did not affect to be convinced that their bit-by-bit theory had proved unsound or that the new one would experimentally supplant it. But they knew that there was room enough for the application of both modes of warfare against the great enemy of town health and life, and far from evincing jealousy at the somewhat sanguine praise of the newly-invented implement, they cheerfully joined in facilitating its legislative fabrication, and

¹ "Ruined Homes in the East End," by an Artizan, *Daily Chronicle*, Dec. 26, 1878.

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It was a *mitrailleuse* with power to clear all before it wherever it should be brought to bear, as contrasted with the fire of detached, prolonged, and scattered bodies less formidable, but bearing arms of precision less costly, more adaptable to varying circumstances, and consequently more capable of continuous use. What they foresaw and foretold would prove the drawback to the new method was the amount of resistance in the shape of delay and expense, and the aggravations of hardships arising from multitudinous evictions, and dislocations of labour which would prove unavoidable. In all respects experience has but too sadly verified the prognostics uttered. Numerous schemes have, during the last four years, been entertained by the Central Board, and approved by the Home Office, for making a clean sweep, as it is called, of wretched neighbourhoods in various parts of the town with a view to their complete reconstruction according to improved methods. These wholesale schemes of dilapidation have been sufficiently imposing on paper, the maps delineating groups of streets and courts, the measurements indicating spaces from three to ten acres of densely-crowded habitations; and the vital statistics appendant furnishing muster-rolls of thousands of poor people necessarily sentenced to dispossession. A difference in one case arose between Berkeley House and Whitehall about the width of the main street to be widened, and the acreage of the habitations to be laid even with the ground. But in the main no indisposition was anywhere evinced to undertaking the work contemplated by the Act; and no impediments were thrown in the way, other than those which from the first might have been anticipated, namely, those arising from diversity of interest and perplexity of tenures, and those which may be classed generally as among the ineradicable incident of municipal administration by an irresponsible body having enormously more than it

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inner fire alight, and hardly enough to feed the flickering embers,—averages of this sort are mere cruel nonsense, to which no quarter ought to be given.

The united district in 1871 contained 53,429 inhabitants, of which 17,843 dwelt in St. George's, and the remaining 35,586 in St. Giles's. Two schemes under the Act of 1875 were reported as finally agreed to at midsummer, 1878; the one for the reconstruction of Little Coram Street, the other for that of Great Wild Street and its contiguous lanes and alleys. The estimates for the latter include 492 holdings, 671 rooms, 1,598 occupants; and in addition there are five registered lodging-houses, containing forty-four rooms, with accommodation for 241 persons. When, after three years, the project was submitted to the Home Secretary it met with his prompt approval, but he required certain conditions in its scope to be made, rendering the whole more useful and complete; and at length it is to be hoped that something will be done. But the need of doing something, and of doing it at once, was just as palpable the day after Mr. Cross's Act was passed as it is to-day. Yet nothing till now has been done, and another year will probably elapse before the benefit of better quarters can be offered to a single family there. At this rate of progress the present generation must die in their sins before any perceptible impression has a chance of being made on the prevalence of Metropolitan slum; for the mere increment of population far more than overbalances any improvement in domicile that the most sanguine can anticipate under the existing system.

Islington, till recently a suburban parish, has, within the last decade or two, become gradually overflowed by the ooze of overcrowding from the town parishes lower down the hill. Cleanly, healthful, and cheerful districts have one by one been swamped by the silent but inexorable tide. The pleasant places occupied a generation ago, each house by one family or at most by two, have one after another succumbed to

the temptation of weekly rents offered for a single room by the fugitives from reckless street improvement and pitiless railway demolition. The well-washed staircase, bright windows, and smart bell-handle at the outer door, have by degrees disappeared, and there has come to be, not merely a look but a feel of murk about the place, and a disheartening sense of over-usage in too many of the dwellings, the offices, and the very atmosphere indicative of worsened habits, and lessened ability to combat with disease. It is an old story that the obvious is oftentimes the least observed, and that the deterioration which is steady and silent is the most sad and sure.

Under the Act of 1875, an overcrowded nest of humble dwellings, some of them decayed cottages, others ill-built houses, occupying, with garden and waste ground half-inclosed, a space of upwards of five acres, contiguous to Essex Road, was reported by the medical officer as requiring to be wholly renovated. At the public inquiry held in March 1878, the Rev. Mr. Stanham stated that "he had laboured in part of the condemned area for fifteen years; that the houses for the most part had fallen into a deplorable condition, and that his Scripture-readers frequently complained of illness after visiting them. There had been from time to time much scarlet fever, and in times of epidemic disease always settled there." Of the five acres included in the Improvement Scheme but two and a quarter were estimated by Sir Joseph Bazalgette as covered with houses, most of which were unhealthy and incommodious, but in which nevertheless 1,796 persons had come to huddle together; while more than three acres remained unbuilt upon, as if to give the lie circumstantial to the mocking theory that supply and demand may be safely left to swing themselves even. Here was a locality contiguous to one of the greatest thoroughfares out of London, and situated near the centre of a parish rated at a million and a quarter sterling, where the helpless population,

chiefly from other districts, were fain to herd together for shelter simply because it was nearer their means of livelihood than if they had gone further afield. Why did not private enterprise invest in the gradually deepening slum for the sake of five per cent? Builders know better than to sink their capital in the midst of such surroundings. If pragmatical philanthropy looks for a cure in that direction, it may wait for ever. A region once left to run down socially and sanatorily may be redeemed court by court and street by street, and that is the best mode of doing it; but general reconstruction can only pay when planned and executed systematically and as a whole, and therefore can only be effectual and remunerative when undertaken by a wealthy proprietor or by a public authority.

Does anybody ignorantly ask why did not the Vestry of Islington take the matter in hand and do betimes under the Act of 1868 what the Metropolitan Board proposed to accomplish under the Act of 1875? The answer is plain. Because the House of Lords refused to give them the necessary power for compensation and rebuilding, without which it was palpably impossible for them to do so. The Vestry could only strive to enforce partial repair and cleansing, under threats of exemplary demolition here and there; but the fault was not theirs that for ten tedious years they were condemned by Parliament to watch the neighbourhood of Angler's Gardens and Popham Street grow more and more congested with a weekly-waged population, partly indigenous, but in a great part interjected from elsewhere. The surveyor of the Peabody buildings, which overlook one corner of the area, testified at the public inquiry that the average rent of each room in this wretched place was 2s. 2½d. a week, while that charged by his trustees was 1s. 10½d.; but he said that if the ground were cleared by operation of law, the latter would willingly become the purchasers upon the condition laid

down in the scheme, so that wholesome dwellings should be erected capable of containing not 1,800, but 3,600 persons. Is anybody so dull or perverse as to believe that the Vestry would not have been only too glad to effect a change, if they had had the power, which would not only have benefited the community morally and socially, but would have permanently augmented the amount of good rateable property subject to their municipal jurisdiction? Every motive of popularity and policy would have stimulated them long ago to do what has been so lamentably and uselessly deferred. And now, after all, what has practically been done? The legislation of 1875 was to quicken the pace of improvement; parochial authority did not go quick enough, two of its team being lamed at starting, but the central engine once set to work at Berkeley House and regulated by the fly-wheel at Whitehall, all would go fast and well. Spring and autumn waxed and waned in 1876, and Angler's Gardens remained as they were. Summer grew hot and winter chill in 1877, and Angler's Gardens sweltered and shivered just the same as if there had never been any new law for its benefit passed at Westminster.

In 1878 the slight fall of snowy notices to quit set the poor people wondering what was going to be done with them. Agents and counsel, witnesses and reporters, assembled to settle preliminaries, and then went their way; but Angler's Gardens has heard no more of the matter from that day till now. A medical friend of great experience was asked to state in writing the actual condition of the place at the end of February last, and here is his sad succinct reply:—"I walked over the ground you spoke of this morning. It contains, with other spots, Harpes Place, Angler's Gardens, Eden Walk, Popham Street, and Windsor Street. A Board School has been recently built, a few of the cottages have been boarded up, and with these alterations the neighbourhood seems to be much as it was ten years ago."

With the best intentions the authorities under the new system have failed absolutely in four years to give a better dwelling to a single family in this unhappy region, or to drain a single drop from the stagnant pools that help to render it unhealthful. Can any words of argument, adjuration, or entreaty add weight to these plain words?

A tract of several acres in White-chapel has been stripped of its worn-out dwellings, and for many months it has lain waste—not a kennel for a dog, or a stable for a costermonger's donkey, having been allowed to make its presumptuous appearance on the desolate scene. Nothing is done, or doing there. What is centralism, waiting for? Waiting for speculators, say the Metropolitan Board, to bid better prices for portions of the land intended for sites. Did not Parliament say they would bid up to the mark if opportunity were given; and has not the parliamentary opportunity been afforded by the extirpation of a whole multitude of defenceless people for the experiment to be tried. But the joint-stock builders of workmen's dwellings don't advance, the Central Board don't choose to give way, the erection of homesteads is adjourned *sine die*, and year after year rolls on with nothing done.

Nevertheless, it was natural and inevitable that with an aggregation of inhabitants steadily over-passing the proportionate supply of dwellings, the public mind and the conscience of the Government should, after seven years action of the measure of 1868, have been stirred, and that a new project of house reform should have been attempted. The Act of 1875 was not framed upon the lines of its predecessor, but it was cordially recognised by many old labourers in the field of legislation as an honest and generous effort to make way against the swampy flood of slum. Assuming that the main thing to be done was to open up, as was said, the too closely-built quarters of the town, powers, supposed to be peremptory if not summary,

were conferred on the Metropolitan Board to denounce for simultaneous demolition whole blocks consisting of streets, lanes, courts, and alleys of any extent that the Home Office might sanction; to buy out the owner on liberal terms; to drive broad thoroughfares from one end of the district to the other; and to cause workmen's dwellings to be erected adequate to re-lodge those who were dispossessed in the process. In the light of eventual town improvement the scheme was well devised, and if supplemented by other measures providing for the prompt replacement or re-habitation of the people evicted, it may become a permanent chapter in the code of urban statute law. But the practical difficulties in the way of its well-working were certainly not generally understood, and up to the present time they have proved almost insuperable. Most of the rookeries still defy the doom pronounced by Parliament and the threatening notices of the Board of Works. Giving that over-weighted body credit for the best intentions they have not succeeded in making way with the Act of 1875; some patches of worthless domiciles have been cleared away in the course of the past three years, but literally not one brick has been yet laid upon another in the construction of purer homes under the provisions of the Act. The body to whom its administration was confided protest earnestly that the fault lies not with them. They are, in point of fact, familiar with the business of thoroughfare-making, and they know that it is unavoidably the slowest of slow work, greatly owing to the multitude and the diversity and the concatenation of interests involved at each stage of the proceeding, and owing likewise in some degree to the invincible repugnance felt to beginning to rebuild until the entire of the territory is laid bare. The consequence of all this was strikingly illustrated not long since by a deputation sent by the ratepayers of Whitecross to ask whether there was any likelihood of progress being made

with reconstruction in their unfortunate locality.

A district of seven and a half acres, inhabited by 3,687 individuals, had been one of the first marked out for reconstruction under the Act. In November, 1876, the ground plans and calculations were reduced to form, and in April, 1877, Mr. Cubitt Nicholl held the prescribed inquiry on the spot to ascertain if any, and what objections might be made to its execution in whole or in part. Objections in the true sense of the term there were none. The owners of property understood that they would be justly compensated for what might be taken from them; neighbouring proprietors and traders were led to believe that the business capacity of the district would be changed for the better and not for the worse; and the crowd of weekly or nightly lodgers who had heard with dismay that they were all to be suddenly left without shelter were pacified by the assurance that part of the plan consisted in building up for them improved dwellings block by block, as fast as their old huddling-places were removed. On June the 11th an order of confirmation was signed, and promises were given which subsequently had been reiterated that progress would be made forthwith. But the remainder of that year, and the whole of the following one, were suffered to pass away without anything being done. About two acres and a quarter have been cleared, and now for many months have been suffered to remain vacant, as if to tantalise the over-crowded dwellers around. But when a deputation from the ratepayers of the parish waited on the Metropolitan Board last Christmas to expostulate on the protracted delay, they were met only with earnest protestations of inability to proceed any faster. The wheels of the legal machinery could not be got to move. At every attempt obstacles respecting title to some particular freehold or structure presented

themselves; and until possession was gained of the entire, and the whole of the space was made *tabula rasa*, the work of rebuilding could not be begun. More than one member of the Board declared that if the Act of 1868 were restored to its original proportions, they could work it with comparative ease, but the difficulties inherent in the alternative system were most disheartening. The Board itself had, in point of fact, been impressed so early with the exceptional magnitude of the impediments unavoidable by reason of their accumulation, in the way of the Act of 1875, that they referred it to a committee of their own body to consider whether they ought not to apply to the legislature to renovate and restore the original legislative scheme; but the pressure of other parliamentary projects, notably that for the purchase and consolidation of London Waterworks, intervened; and the proposal has lain over till the present session. It now stands for judgment at Westminster. Public opinion since the Extension Bill was brought in and circulated, has unmistakably pronounced in its favour, most of the Vestries and District Boards, the Association of Medical Officers, many of the leading parochial clergy, and others active and earnest in good work having warmly expressed their approval. It remains for Government to grant or refuse their desire. No one deprecates the trying out fully and fairly the experiment of 1875; but all desire that simultaneously therewith the compatible and complementary method of house by house, and court by court rebuilding, should be co-ordinately brought into uncrippled activity. Town improvements with their cumbrous preliminaries, vast expense, and the aggravation of misery they for the time entail, can never furnish a generally applicable resource against the weed-like growth of slum.

W. M. TORRENS.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LORD OF BURLEIGH.

THE windows of Air-throne stood wide open, and an incessant melody of rumbling wheels in the street far below, and shrill twittering of sparrows in the eaves, came through, with now and then a hot puff of smoke from a neighbouring chimney, bringing a cloud of smuts to settle unheeded on the bare tables and the empty easel. The place had a strangely forlorn unused look, in spite of the spring sunshine that poured in at the casements and made dusty squares of light on the floor. There was however no one to notice its unnatural appearance but Mildred West, who having suddenly recollected that more than three weeks ago she had promised Christabel Moore to attend to the airing of her rooms in her absence, had rushed up and thrown the windows wide. Then having spied out a book of Katherine's, left on a distant dusty shelf, she carried it to the hearth-rug, and was now seated before the empty grate, with her elbows propped on the Skeleton's box, greedily devouring the contents of her prize. Of late Mildie's opportunities of securing a free half-hour for the absorbed reading which was a prime necessity of existence with her, had been too rare to admit of her being at all fastidious as to the circumstances under which the treat was taken. She could read standing upright on the stairs, while the Gentle Lamb was squirting water down on to her head from an upper story, by way of experimenting on the old practice of torture by water. Or in the twilight of the shoe-hole, where Mary Anne occasionally imprisoned her in bitter exasperation at the disastrous result of her efforts to supply Emmie's place by volunteer work down stairs.

The safety and solitude of Air-throne, let it be ever so unlike itself, might be supposed to supply all that was needed for absolute enjoyment; but as we said before, Mildie was not altogether the dry student she supposed herself. There were avenues to her soul that were reached by other than her favourite ways of taking in knowledge, and now, while she believed herself to be wholly occupied in an attempt to understand the mechanism of the ear, the outside aspect of the place was stealing into her mind without her having given it leave to be noticed, and was gradually drawing her thoughts into a new channel. After a while the pensive spell grew too strong to be resisted. She left a page unturned, dropped her head into her clasped hands, and allowed the underlying thoughts to come to the front.

What a long time it was, to be sure, since that evening when she had brought Mr. Anstice up here, and Casabianca had made him sit on the Skeleton's box. How different Air-throne had looked then. How still more striking were the changes that had come over the people then assembled round the fire. It was winter then, to be sure, and now it was spring; but the passing of one season into another did not use to bring anything to remark upon. Spring generally stayed outside Saville Street, or only entered in the form of glaring sunshine and hot dust. Emmie, as her letters showed, had got into a new sort of spring this year, and Katherine had filled two sheets with a description of a mountain ramble, instead of with the abstract of a lecture she had promised; and Christabel—that was the strangest of all—Saville Street had not kept the spring out of her face on the day when she had told Mildie about the sketching tour she had planned with a friend, and asked her to take care of her rooms and of her letters in her absence.

How fresh and bright she had looked on the morning when she left the house early, in a new white piquet dress that surely ought to have been kept for Sunday wear, and with a white felt hat on her head, that would have seemed babyish on any one else, but which made her look—like an angel, Mildie thought, or, yes—a bride. Then a vision of Christabel as she looked that morning came back, and Mildred's thoughts hovered over it, taking it all in as she had hardly done at the time.

A pure white dazzling vision, strangely unlike the Christabel who used to flit up and down stairs behind Katherine, like her shadow, pale and dim. There had been plenty of colour and light in the face that Mildie now recalled, and tried to read as she had not thought to read it at the time. What a soft dewy light there was in the large eyes, whose beauty, Mildie believed, no one had ever noticed but herself (people were so stupid); and what a trembling smile on the red lips, with something wistful and troubled on the face too, now she came to think about it, which caused her some surprise. For she does not care so much about me, Mildred thought, as to be troubled at bidding me good-by, and she said she was coming back in a fortnight. Why did she seem almost sorry to go away for such a short absence, and why, just at the last, when the cab that was to take her to the station was at the door, did she run back into the inner room and kneel for a moment by Katherine's bed, as if she had forgotten to say her prayers that morning? People were certainly very strange this year, and their ways were harder to comprehend than the mysteries of acoustics, which Katherine's book promised to make quite plain—sailing in time, if one could but give one's mind to it.

Then Mildie wondered if she ought to have told any one about Christabel's strange behaviour that morning. Yet, who was there to tell? Mrs. Urquhart was away in Devonshire, and the

Doctor hardly ever at home, to say nothing of the utter impossibility of stopping him in his rapid flights up and down stairs to tell him such a story. Mamma, herself, no!—not if everybody in the world were going away to be married secretly, could Mildie have given her mother a fresh cause for anxiety just then. She could not knowingly add a straw's weight to the load of care under which her mother was sinking—yes, sinking. How grave Dr. Urquhart had looked after his interview the other day; and how seriously he had talked of the necessity of persuading Emmie to come home earlier than her late letters promised. Poor, unsuspecting, blind Emmie! If she understood how things were going on at home now; would she write long letters about village dances and flowers, as if one could be quite happy, and forget one's whole family, and all the troubles in the world, just because the sun was shining?

Mildie, feeling as if she stood upon a height of sad experiences, looked with a little contempt upon the childishness into which Emmie and Christabel appeared to have descended lately. If falling in love (and Mildie had not been as unobserving as her mother of the frequent recurrence of Wynyard's name in the *La Roquette* letters) meant such stupid preoccupation, such selfish folly—nay, such deceit, as the conduct of her two former models appeared to witness to just now—if falling in love necessarily dragged one down into such depths as these, Mildie registered a vow that she would faithfully keep clear of any such calamity in her own life. She would never fall in love—no! not if a mathematician, who had discovered a new planet, like Adams, or a philosopher as great as Humboldt should come to ask her. Neither Emmie nor Christabel had had temptations of this nature. Wynyard Anstice might be clever, but he always slipped away from the discussion of any topic of real moment. And as for the cousin, Mildie remembered that when he had called on Christabel, about a week

after Katherine left, and she had chanced to look in during his visit, she had found him before Christabel's easel, pretending to have a drawing-lesson, but not working earnestly, for he and Christabel were laughing over his failures like two silly children. Contemptible, indeed, to fall in love with a man who could not even draw as well as herself.

Was that one of the boys coming to summons her to tea already?—and had she wasted a whole hour of the afternoon? No, there was no one in the house now who ran up stairs with such a light springy step, unless—Mildred sprang up without waiting to complete her conjecture, and found it already answered, for the door opened, as she turned round, and Christabel stood in the entrance. Christabel, certainly, though to Mildie's startled eyes it was not quite the same Christabel she had been used to see enter that room, nor yet the radiant vision in the white piquet dress to whom she had bidden good-by three weeks ago. Had she grown an inch or two taller? or what was there in her present appearance which arrested on Mildie's lip, the remonstrance for coming back without due notice, which occurred at the first moment of surprise. This new Christabel who walked straight to the table and seized at once on a heap of Katherine's letters lying there, did not look a person to be scolded so easily as that other one had used to be.

"So you are come?" was all Mildie ventured, when after tearing open and devouring the contents of the latest letter, Christabel turned to shake hands with her. "So you are come back? Has Mary Anne seen you yet?"

"Not yet," said Christabel, laughing. "The Gentle Lamb opened the door for me, and helped my box into the hall; but I hope Mary Anne will forgive me for coming back, as I have brought her a present, and one for you, too, Mildie; so please to leave off staring at me with such wide-open eyes. What is the matter with me? Have I changed into some one else since I went away?"

Christabel smiled as she spoke, and yet a sudden rush of colour came up and dyed her cheeks under Mildie's scrutinising gaze—nay, her very smile had a sort of defiant consciousness in it that a stupider person than Mildie might have noticed.

"I don't know," answered Mildie, bluntly. "Where have you been?"

"To several places," said Christabel; "further away, perhaps, than I thought to travel when I stood here last; but that won't make my presents less welcome, I hope."

"I don't know," repeated Mildie. "Does Katherine know where you have been?"

"Katherine has been travelling herself, and I see that my letters have missed her; but she has not been uneasy, I knew I should find a great budget here."

"Why don't you take off your hat and your gloves?" said Mildie, a little falteringly, when Christabel had taken up another letter and begun to read it.

Christabel did not speak at once, but she put down her letter and looked at Mildie, and for a second the dreamy blue and the honest gray eyes encountered each other. Mildie, whose consciousness of honest intention was at first stronger than her suspicion that she had been impertinent, tried hard to hold out, but at last her obstinate lids fell, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"My dear child," said Christabel, slowly, "when your mother asks me any questions I shall be ready to answer them, and in the meantime I think you had better go down stairs and ask Mary Anne to send me some tea, for I have had a long journey to-day."

Mildie escaped from the room without another look; but the instant the door closed behind her, Christabel gathered all Katherine's letters into a heap in her lap, sank down into the nearest chair, and covered her face with her gloved hands.

"There," she said to herself. "I have fought my first little battle, taken my first step in concealment, and it

was horrid—horrid. Will every day, every hour, bring something like it? Will the burden be always as heavy as it is now, when I have only carried it one day? I did not know how hard it would be when I promised; how even the reading of Katherine's letters would be poisoned, because they were not written to *me*, but to that other self whom I left behind me nearly a month ago. But I must not lose heart just because he is not here at my side to make it seem right. He has gone to do what is as hard to him as concealment from Katherine is to me, and till that is accomplished I will bear my part. I must do now what I could not make up my mind to do while he was with me. I must make my left hand tell a lie, and look like Christabel Moore's hand again, which it is not."

Then, hearing sounds of some one mounting the stairs, Christabel drew off her gloves, and with them two rings, from the third finger of her left hand, which she slipped on to a little chain of Katherine's hair she always wore round her neck. When, a minute after, Mildie entered, carrying a tea-tray, she found her standing before the empty grate, with her hands resting on the chimney-piece, looking fixedly at them, with quite the old dreamy expression on her small pale face. It relieved Mildie immensely, for she felt that she had again got some one in the house whom she could influence, and order about and bully a little when she thought it needful.

"You did not suppose that Mary Anne would bring up your tea herself, did you?" she began. "You will find you won't get anything just now, unless you go down for it yourself, or come to me to help you. It's lucky the weather's so warm, for we have given up having a boy to help, and Mrs. Urquhart's servant has gone with her into the country, and there's no one to do anything but Mary Anne. As to carrying trays to the attics of course she won't."

"Never mind," said Christabel,

rousing herself, "I have not grown into a useless log during my holiday; I shall soon fall into my old ways, and give very little trouble."

"Except in answering the door to—to your visitors," observed Mildie, meaningly. "Christabel, I want to tell you something."

"Well."

"The old watchmaker has called four or five times while you were away to ask for you; and papa heard him talking to the Gentle Lamb in the hall one evening, and he was dreadfully annoyed. He told mamma afterwards that he would not allow lodgers in the house if they were to have callers and his children had to open the door to them."

"I will explain it to David myself. The Gentle Lamb shall not have to open the door to him again," said Christabel.

"Or—or to—other people," stammered Mildie.

"Or to the only other person who ever does come to see me, I promise you," said Christabel with dignity. "No, I am not angry; but you had better leave me now, for I have all these letters of Katherine's to read and answer before bed-time."

But though Christabel glanced eagerly through her letters as soon as she was left alone, it was but a hurried search through the pages, to gather the bare facts, leaving the intermediate sentences of loving anxiety and conjecture as to Christabel's own doings unread. Neither did she take up the letters again and prepare to answer them when her slight meal was finished. She took a low seat by the window, and sat for more than an hour, watching the slow fading of the daylight from that little square of sky between the heads of two chimney-stacks, which had been hers and Katherine's summer prospect for so many evenings of the two past years. When the darkness drove her at last to leave the window and light her lamp, and she had replenished the dried-up ink in her inkstand, she took a note-book from her travelling-

bag instead of a sheet of paper, and began to write in it.

"Yes, dear Katherine," she scribbled rapidly, "I will write my real daily letter to you here, before I begin that other one that has to go by the post, which will not be real, and which I shall write with double pain to-day, in this room so full of your true face, and with no other face opposite me to explain my conduct to myself. Will what I have written here day by day explain it to you, when I put this book into your hand, and ask you to read it from beginning to end? or shall I see in your dear eyes, as you look up, that contempt for me—for us—I have noticed there sometimes when you have spoken or heard of people who, in order to clutch at some great joy, had acted unworthily? Will any explanation make you understand my love for a man, who, having a right to his own will in this matter of marrying me, was not strong enough to take it openly, at the risk of opposition and entreaties from one he dreads to pain? My *so* loving him, that I consented to put the pain on you, Kitty, and on myself, to spare that other? We are the strongest, darling—and have you not told me often that our part is to bear and bear for pity you say, and now I say for love? Why should we love the strong and not the weak, when they hold out their hands to us, and say, 'You only can help me to be the best there is in me to be, only you'? But what is the use of all these words which rush into my mind with the tears to my eyes that are hindering my writing? You will see their sophistry as I do even while I write them. You will say that I have not been helping him up, but dragging him down, by consenting to the weakness of this first step, and that it is a bad omen for the future. You would not have done it, darling, I know, but—well—we throw ourselves at your feet and ask you not to despise us. I will give up trying to explain to you why I love him. I will not make any more pretences even to myself. I don't

think him a great genius, as I fancied at first, but he is my lover—my husband—he has picked me out of all the world—*me* to love—and I love him—and there is nothing more to be said. Oh, yes, I shall find a thousand things to say in his praise! when you let me talk to you about him, on that first happy day, when you know the whole truth, and your anger at the concealment is over, and you are letting me show you how it was with me after you left me alone. How the fancy world in which I had lived so long crumbled away from me bit by bit, to let this one reality, my love for him, stand clear, and I felt like a person rising up from a long dream, to stand bare but glad in the daylight. I am perhaps paying the penalty of having dreamed so long, by being now so shut up in the supreme feeling that has awakened me; yet can I fear while my sun shines upon me?

"When you have read as far as this page you will have followed us through the whole wonderful month of our wedding journey, and I hope you will forgive me, when I confess that in spite of twinges of conscience, I have shared the delight he has taken in throwing an air of adventure and romance over every step of the way. What a great deal seems to be crowded into that short time now I look back upon it. How the horizon of life has widened round me as the days passed on, and how brightly he has led me forward; taking a sort of childlike delight in surprising me with glimpses of worldly prosperity and ease—such as you know, and he knows, I never dreamed of stepping into, through my marriage with him, hinting sometimes at a further surprise that will dazzle me in the future. As if anything could dazzle me when the wonder of such love as he gives me is filling my eyes so full of light that I can see nothing else!

What dear jokes we had, about Fortunatus's purse, during the first few days we were together, when I tried hard to economise the magic coins, so as to have to return the little old charmed purse to its owner as seldom

as possible. What endless amusement he seemed to find in admiring my economical feats—till that day came, after we had been married about a week, when I told him seriously that I thought we ought to take out our sketching boards and begin to work, and he, looking penitent and almost sorrowful, broke it to me that he was not an artist at all. Nothing half so good, he said; but would I forgive him, and take him for what he was, an idle fellow, whose life had been worthless till he fell in love with me? That evening, when we were out walking, he stopped me by a gate in a shady lane, and pointing over fields and woods, to a gleaming white house on a distant hill; he asked me, 'Should I feel at all like the Lady of Burleigh, if one day he should take me to a great old place like that, and tell me it was mine and his?'

"I am afraid he was disappointed, do you know, Katherine—that I stood silent, showing no curiosity, and asking no questions, for a great fear and awe fell over me, and I could only clasp his arm tightly and hold my breath. I don't think it was quite the Lady Burleigh feeling of regret that the life I had looked forward to—the life of working with him, and helping him—was all a dream: I think that expectation had been falling away from me ever since our wedding morning. It was rather a sudden dread lest I had done a greater wrong than I knew, and taken some great lot stealthily that was not meant for me, and that I should never be happy or feel right in it. It was a momentary feeling, but it checked his impulse to confidence, and the next morning I could see he was glad to get back to our Fortunatus's purse-play again. He was pleased to find me unwilling to break the charm of blind dependence on him, and of looking into a golden future, of which he only holds the key. He reminded me that I had once said I would rather have Fortunatus's purse than a great estate, and said, half-seriously, half-playfully, that I might take my choice when I liked,

but that, for his part, he should vote for Fortunatus's purse, at all events, for a year or two, while we were young. And then, after another fortnight of such thoughtless happiness, as I suppose we shall never have again, we found ourselves, back at the hotel in Derby, where we had stopped after our first day's journey, and where we had directed letters to be sent to meet us. I had nothing, but he found a telegram, to summon him to go at once to his mother, who had been taken ill, in some far-away place in the north of Scotland, where, it seems she has a house. The telegram was several days old when it reached us, and we settled, with how much pain I shall not try to tell you, Kitty, that he must start for the North to-night, leaving me to return to this house alone. It was a hasty, miserable parting, for he was full of remorse about his mother, with whom he had had some little quarrel before she set out for Scotland, and to whom he had not written since 'our day.' I can understand that, Kitty, for I know how hard I find it to write to you. As for me, well, I have got over the parting, and perhaps the first letter will bring me the best of news, for he promised, just at parting, that as soon as his mother was well enough to bear the news—yes, he said that, Kitty, at the last minute, and what a stab the sentence was to my pride—as soon as she was able to bear the news he would tell her about me, and set me free from my promise of secrecy. Good-night, Kitty, I am going to read your letters through carefully now, and answer your questions as far as I can. If you wonder at the vague information I give you, and grow anxious, and rush over here to find out for yourself what has changed me, it will not be my fault. He will not expect me to conceal anything from you, when you are sitting close to me and looking in my face. Before you can come I shall have heard from him, and he will have told me what to do. I will not let even my wishes be disobedient to my husband till then, for I know

he will take the one cloud out of my sky as soon as he can. Ah! but there will always be its shadow left; for in my heart and conscience I know that it can never, after this concealment, be quite the same between you and me, Kitty, as it was before. There can never be the same clear open page of life between us, where no secret had ever been written; we shall never sit hand in hand together in this room as we used to do, feeling our hearts one. But I must not begin to think of this on my first solitary evening, or it will be all over with me. I will turn to my letters. Good-night again. I shall make you kiss me when you have read this sentence, whether you quite love me as you used to do or not."

But Christabel was not destined to read Katherine's letters through that night; she had hardly reached the end of the first page, when an interruption came that gave her other things to think of than even Katherine's letters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"NOTHING CAN TOUCH HIM FARTHER."

MILDIE found, as might have been expected, that a large slice of the afternoon had been consumed in her visit to Air-throne, and that an accumulation of neglected duties awaited her down stairs. Sidney and the Gentle Lamb had broken the handle off the drawing-room door while constructing an ingenious system of telegraph wires on the staircase, and when Mildie had by great exertion secured an entrance to his own room for Dr. Urquhart, she discovered that her mother's cup of cocoa which she ought to have had at five o'clock was still standing on a slab in the hall. Remembering the importance Dr. Urquhart attached to her mother's taking some refreshment in the afternoon; she seized the cold mess and rushed into the drawing-room, determined to force her mother to swallow a mouthful or two whether she were inclined for it in its present state or not. She felt very remorseful

when she saw that Mrs. West had already taken her weary stand at the window and was looking down the street with that sad look of frightened expectation in her eyes that had been deepening there ever since Emmie went away.

"Dear mamma," Mildie said a little crossly, because she felt more pitiful than she could well bear, "I do wish you would ring for your cocoa when you want it. Dr. Urquhart said you were to have it regularly, and there might be some chance of your getting it before it is quite cold if you would only remember it yourself. Mary Anne and I can't be everywhere at once and think of everything."

Mrs. West submitted meekly to be scolded by her youngest daughter as she did to everything else that came in her way.

"My dear," she said, returning the cup, after swallowing a third of its contents with great effort, but with no complaint, "my dear, you know that in the best of times Mary Anne never liked the dining-room bell to be rung in the afternoons, and since I can do so little for any one I don't wish to be a burden. I was reading over Emmie's letters to pass the time, and hoping that it was not much after five o'clock and that I need not begin to wonder yet why your father and Harry did not come home."

"I'm sure," said Mildie, vindictively, "they come quite soon enough for any good or use their society is to us. No, I don't mean to complain of Harry, though he has chosen to be glum ever since Christabel Moore left the house; I was thinking of you, mother dear. I am sure you hear grumbling enough of an evening after papa comes in; I can't understand why you want to begin sooner."

"Oh, Mildie dear, your father!"

"Yes, I know he is my father, but that does not make it any better for you," persisted Mildie. "I do think when he has been out all day he might have the sense not to talk you to death about miserable things when he comes back at night. Why should he

scold you if things are going wrong at the office? How can you help it?"

Mrs. West smiled at the word scold.

"I almost wish it was me instead of himself he scolded," she said sadly; "if you knew, dear, how he is always blaming himself because he has not been able to do well for us you would be more sorry for him. It is his love for us that makes him miserable, and that has perhaps pushed him on to some of the mistakes he repents so bitterly now, dear. We cannot be too patient with him."

"You are patient," cried Mildie, with a great impatient sob, and then she stood silent, while rebellious thoughts, such as come to young eager minds when the sad side of life is too persistently thrust upon them by their elders, swelled within her. Patient, indeed! but why should the whole world be clothed in sackcloth for them just because their father had failed to keep the place in the world he had been born to? Could he not make one moan for it and have done, and let them all sink contentedly to some new sphere and wash their hands once for all of old pretensions and traditions that Mildie for her part despised? Was it after all such a great thing to be wealthy, that failing in that aim there should be no place for you and yours to hide their heads in? Looking down into her heart, Mildie could not find the deep sympathy for her father's persistent misery she knew ought to be there.

"I believe I am a bad-tempered, hard creature," she said at last; "and there is no good in my talking to you, mamma, for I can't say anything you will like to hear. I will go and make tea for the boys, and bring you a cup to make up for the cold chocolate, if papa will only stay away long enough to give you time to drink it in peace."

"There's Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. West, who had turned to the window again during Mildie's fit of silence, "coming home again without his father."

"But he looks quite jolly," said Mildie; "he is nodding to us while he

scrapes his feet. I'll run and let him in."

Though not given to bestow much attention on what went on around her, Mildred had received a vague impression during the last few weeks that some fresh cause of anxiety had arisen connected with her father which lay at the bottom of her mother's new fidget, as she called it, to have him safe at home before dark. The impression was deepened now by the first look exchanged between her mother and Harry when he entered the room. She read in it a whole volume of secret fears that perhaps had never found words on either side, and her curiosity and anxiety were fully aroused at last.

"All right, mother," Harry said, cheerfully, in spite of that first involuntary look. "He'll follow me in twenty minutes, or half-an-hour at latest. This time it's only that Cummins sent for him into his private room about a letter that he had neglected to post. Yes," in a lower tone, "I could not help it; it would not have done for me to wait about for him while the other fellows were watching. He's sure to come straight home to-night after the pulling up he'll have got from Cummins."

"Poor papa!" said Mrs. West, sighing. "Well, you'll come back after you have had your tea in the schoolroom; your father'll be very low to-night, I'm afraid, but you'll come back and stay for the rest of the evening with me."

"All right," said Harry again, with just a shade of disappointment crossing his face.

"Make a good meal first, my boy. It is pleasanter for you there than here, I know," said Mrs. West, sighing, "and that is why I like you to take your meals with the younger ones, where you can talk as much as you like. I know it's sad and dull for you here."

"Oh never fear for me," said Harry, brightly, "I shall do well enough; and as for eating, I am a whale to eat anything that comes to hand anywhere. I only wish you and my father were

likely to eat a tenth part of what I'm going in for just now."

He stooped to kiss his mother, and Mildie, whose conscience smote her with fear lest this "anything" he spoke about so glibly should not be forthcoming, rushed off to the school-room to ascertain that the boys had not drunk up all the milk and made deserts of the bread-and-butter plates while she had been keeping them waiting for supper. For once Fate in the shape of an organ-man, with a troop of performing canaries, had favoured her, by drawing the predators out upon the leads, and when she had made tea in peace, and taken the promised cup to her mother, she sidled up to Harry, hoping to draw him into a little confidential talk before the boys came down. He had not brought as courageous a face into the schoolroom as he had shown to his mother, or something had happened since to depress his spirits. Mildie found him with his arms crossed on the mantelshef and his head laid down upon them in a strangely disconsolate attitude for him. She had of late been daily growing in respect for her old tyrant, and would have surprised and even disgusted him a good deal if she had ventured to tell him her thoughts about the part he had been acting since this new stress of trouble set in. "Hero, indeed! stuff and nonsense; as if any one could help doing for his father and mother what he did. It just had to be done, and there was nothing to talk about." This new-born respect restrained her from roughly interrupting his reverie now, and she stood silently looking at the section of forehead and cheek visible above his arms, thinking there was a good deal of change here too since Emmie went away. At last he raised his head and said abruptly—

"So she has come back, has she? You've seen her, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mildie, disappointed that the conversation had taken that direction—"yes, I saw her, but she did not tell me anything. I took her some tea, and she sent me away directly afterwards."

"I shall have to carry her box up stairs, at all events; there's no one but me to do it. How does she look?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mildie. "I wish you would not worry about Christabel Moore when there's so much else to think about. *She* looks well enough. She can go away for a month and enjoy herself, and think nothing of us all the while."

"And why should she not?" cried Harry, fiercely. "We're not such pleasant people, as far as I know, for any one to want to take thoughts of us away with them on a holiday. We might as well let *her* enjoy herself without complaining."

"I did not mean to complain," pleaded Mildie; "and at all events you can't see her now, for she is busy writing letters to Katherine. I wish you'd talk to me a little about other things; it's so seldom you and I are alone together; and I should like to know—it would be a relief to me, Harry—what papa does, when he's out by himself, that makes mother so anxious, and that has turned you so—so—crusty," concluded Mildie, resolved not to err on the side of flattery, whatever her thoughts might be. "Tell me once for all what it is we have to fear."

"Where's the use of your knowing? You may be satisfied that it is bad enough," said Harry, covering his face with another groan. "Where's the use of bringing misery nearer by talking of it? It will come fast enough, I can tell you."

"I should like to be prepared for it, to know what to do."

"You'll not have anything to do in it. How should a girl like you?"

All Mildie's combativeness would have been roused by this speech three months ago, but she was learning womanly wisdom fast.

"I know I never am of much use," she said; "I'm too unlucky. But if you would trust me—"

"It is not that I don't trust you," groaned Harry. "I should be glad

enough to have some one to talk to, now Emmie is away, only I hate a long yarn; and one does not know how to speak when it's one's own father, and one is so sorry for him, and knows that he has been badgered and tempted into it all. Stay, look here, you're quite old enough to take a hint," and to Mildie's surprise Harry stretched his hand to the book-case, drew out an old illustrated copy of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and opened it at the picture which shows little Nell seated in a corner of the inn kitchen, and watching, with startled, sorrowful eyes, her old grandfather playing a game at cards in company with three sharpers, who exchange glances of satisfaction as they note the imbecile expression of face with which he is choosing the card he is about to throw down.

"Can you remember," said Harry, with something like a sob in his voice, "the old times when we were small, and he used to tell us stories from these pictures after dinner, sitting on his knee by turns? Emmie used always to be frightened and cover her eyes when we came to this one."

"I recollect the dessert, and mamma's pretty evening dresses, and the ornaments she let me play with, but I was too young then for the stories," answered Mildie.

"But you have read this book; you can guess what I want to tell you; you know why little Nell had to take her grandfather away from Mrs. Jallop's?"

"Because he gambled, and she was afraid he might be tempted to take Mrs. Jallop's money. So that is what you're afraid of? I did not know it was so bad as that," she added, turning again towards the picture, and looking with disgust at the cunning foolish face of the poor old man. "I don't wonder that Emmie hated this picture."

Harry took the book from her hastily and thrust it back into its place.

"I don't hate it," he said, slowly, after a minute's pause. "I think pretty often of it, and of the story as

father used to tell it to Emmie and me. It comes back to me as he told it, and somehow seems to explain things. Poor father, he had not any notion then of what he would come to. It was all plain sailing with him then. He thought he'd come into life at the right end—at the top of the tree—and that it was his chief business to keep there, and to put us there. He's never been able to feel right anywhere else; and since he came down, he's always been looking, first in one way and then in another, for the stroke of good luck that was to put him back again, till at last—Well," said Harry, putting his finger to his forehead, "I suppose one can't go on expecting impossibilities and being disappointed every day of one's life without its telling on one's brain in the end, and when it comes to that, one's not responsible. Making money is a sort of mania with him now, since he took to haunting places of an evening where he can bet and play for money."

"Where does he get the money to play with?"

"Ah, that's it!" said Harry. "I think he has borrowed a good deal lately from Uncle Rivers, and other old acquaintances, who used to pity and respect him till now, when he's taken to begging, poor father! he who used to be so proud; but they are not likely to go on supplying him long. Cheques and notes pass through his hands sometimes at the office, and Cummins has such a spite against him, and is so tired out with his muddling and mistakes, that I believe he'd rather catch him out once in a fault of that kind, and make a show of magnanimity to a fallen man by merely dismissing him, than put up with him in the office much longer."

"And Mr. Cummins sent for father to-day as you were leaving. Oh, Harry! and you said all right when you went in to mamma."

"It's more likely than not to be one of the every-day rowings, and one must keep up one's spirits as long as one can."

Mildie put her hand on Harry's shoulder and said, half under her breath, "You've got to bear the anxiety all by yourself; it's very good of you."

"Nonsense," cried Harry; but a quiver passed over his face, and he did not shake off Mildie's hand. They stood a moment together in silence, and then Mildie asked, in a subdued, awe-struck voice—

"You don't think father ever will do *that*—about the cheques?"

"Not if he quite knows what he is doing; but when people get muddled by thinking night and day just of that one thing—winning money—and when temptation is constantly put in their way on purpose—. But, no; what I am really afraid of is appearances turning against him accidentally, and Cummins, who has, I know, been looking out for a chance of getting rid of him, taking advantage of this habit to put him in the wrong."

"I almost wish it would come," said Mildie, "the worst that has to come, and that it was well over. If we go with a great crash quite down to the ground, we shall get up again, like Antæus, you know."

"No, I don't," said Harry; "never heard of the beggar. Let him slide; what has he to do with us?"

"Ah, well!" said Mildie; "what I mean is that I should like to make a fresh start, washing our hands of this big gloomy house, and the pictures of rich old Aldermen Wests on the walls, and the pretence at late dinners, and the calling ourselves ladies and gentlemen. I should like to begin again at the bottom and see what we could do. We would all work. Yes, you may laugh at me, but I could, Harry, I could black grates, and scrub and drudge, if I'm fit for nothing else, for I have been doing it lately, though nobody has known anything about it."

"I have!" answered Harry, putting his arm round Mildie's waist, and taking away her breath by actually kissing her on the forehead. "You're a brave girl, Mildie—I'll say that for you—

though you are a bit of a pedant; and I've noticed, if no one else has, how pluckily you've put your shoulder to the wheel lately. You'll show yourself a regular brick, I'll answer for that, when the worst comes."

"I wish it were come, then," said Mildie, glowing under this immense praise. "With you to help me, Harry, I should not mind anything."

"But we don't know what the worst will be yet," groaned Harry. "You're a brick! as I observed before" (stooping down and kissing her again). "You and I can stand up against whatever happens; but there's the others to think for—my mother, and Emmie, and the poor old governor. I don't know how he'd bear another fall, or where it would take him to. There, you'd better pour out the tea. Is not that the kitchen clock striking seven? I'll get my tea, and if he has not turned up by that time, I'll stroll out again to see if I can hear anything of him at any of his usual places. It will be better than sitting still, anyhow."

The meal was over before any interruption came, and Mildie followed Harry out into the hall for the sake of hovering about him while he took his hat, and looked into the drawing-room to say a few cheering words to his mother before he left the house.

"You might bring Christabel Moore down to sit with mother while I'm away," he suggested wistfully, when he had reached the hall door. While Mildie was searching her mind for some inoffensive way of insinuating that his panacea of comfort did not equally suit their mother, a new direction was given to her thoughts by some sounds outside the house that seemed to fill her ears and arrest the beating of her pulses, as no sound, no ear-piercing shriek or wail of woe had ever done before: yet they were the merest every-day sounds, footsteps, approaching and pausing before the house, and rapid wheels stopping suddenly at their door.

"Dr. Urquhart coming back," observed Harry, who had heard, and

strangely enough turned pale at these common occurrences, too.

"It's not Dr. Urquhart," said Mildie, in a whisper.

"There!" cried Harry, pushing her towards the dining-room door. "Go in there to mother, and keep her from looking out of the window, whatever you do, while I see what it is. Do go at once."

But the precaution was a second too late. Mrs. West had resumed her watch at the window the instant Harry left her; and while he was speaking the dining-room door opened, and she came out with a marble face, and an expression in her eyes that Mildie never forgot.

"Open the door, Harry dear," she said. "It's—it's—your father; they are bringing him home—ill—I think. Quick, dears—let me pass. I'll go myself; he must not be kept waiting—I must get to him quick."

Mildie, in wild terror at her looks, threw her arms about her to keep her back; and Harry went to the door and opened it wide. At the bottom of the steps there was a little procession, two or three men carrying a heavy something which seemed lately to have been lifted out of a cab that was drawn up near. At the top stood Mr. Cummins, white and agitated, and in a hurry to speak. He seized Harry's arm to keep him from running down the steps, and forced him back into the house.

"Keep your mother and sister out of the way for Heaven's sake," he whispered. "Take them somewhere before *that* comes into the house. I hurried on here to prepare—to explain—to save you the first shock, if I could. Get your mother out of the way, at least."

"What is it?" asked Harry, hoarsely.

"A fit. There *may* be life left; we don't know. I sent for a doctor and he is there, with the—with your father, bringing him in. It all happened in a minute. He had got up to leave the room, and just as he reached the door, he fell down as if he had been shot.

I had been speaking to him quite quietly."

"Yes; I daresay," said Harry, between his teeth. "Let go my arm, if you please." Then, as Mr. Cummins tightened, rather than loosened, his grasp, horrified at the deep unspoken condemnation which those stern young eyes burned down into his very soul, Harry threw him off, sending him staggering forward into the hall, and rushed down the steps to meet the slowly-mounting procession. Four men carrying a limp recumbent figure between them.

"You had better go back; you had better not come near just yet," a kind, professional voice said in his ear.

But Harry did not heed the words; he only saw a poor, worn iron-grey head and a white face swaying wretchedly backwards and forwards, and he pushed the figure nearest it away, and took it on his own shoulder. The white forehead touched his cheek as he bent down, and the half-closed eyes seemed to look cloudily, but with a strange, still, dignified calmness into his. He had never felt a chill like the chill of that touch, never seen that film in any eyes before, but he knew by instinct what it meant, and strange to say the feeling that first rushed into his mind was not grief so much as a sad, solemn triumph. Out of the reach of human scorn at least, snatched away from the trouble that was too strong for him.

"The fever called living is conquered at last."

A thought something like this rose in Harry's mind, calming the anger which the sight of Mr. Cummins had excited, lifting him for a little while above the sting of grief, and the pangs of pity. His mother's face, as white almost as the face on his shoulder, met his eyes the instant he had lifted his burden over the threshold; but her agonised look did not overcome his courage, for he had a word of comfort ready.

"He is safe, mother," he said, gently. "Look at him; he has got away from it all. Let us carry him up stairs to rest."

Yes, he has escaped from the long, long struggle, the frantic grasp after shadows which he sees now had no substance behind them; escaped indeed, but with empty hands, with nothing to show for his gift of life, no thankfulness even, only long, long years of disquieting himself in vain; dust and ashes of regret stored in his soul, for possessions whose worthlessness he recognises now—clearly enough—now that he has got away from the misleading glare that had bewildered his vision, into the daylight of God's countenance at last.

Dr. Urquhart returned home in the midst of the sad confusion, and quietly took upon himself the necessary arrangements, while Christabel carried off the two boys to Air-throne, and devoted herself to keeping them out of the way of the elder mourners. It was Dr. Urquhart, who, quite late at night, raised the question which no one had thought of till then of how the news of her father's sudden death was to be conveyed to Emmie. No one liked the thought of her receiving it by letter so far from home, with no possibility open to her of returning at once to those whose grief she would long to alleviate. When at last Mrs. West had been persuaded to go to bed, Mildie, Harry, and Dr. Urquhart met in a sad little conclave in the back sitting-room to consult what should be done.

"If I could but be spared to run down to the south of France myself and bring her back in time for the funeral," said Dr. Urquhart, with a sudden light on his face, which somehow jarred on Mildie's over-strung nerves terribly. "If I could go, I could perhaps break the news to her better than any one else, having been on the spot, I mean. It would, of course, be a great shock. She would bear the tidings best from some one who came direct from home. Don't you think so?" he added, turning for counsel to Mildie in the anxiety which, on this one matter, was strong enough to make him distrust his own judgment.

Miserable as she was, Mildie had time for a recollection of passages in Emmie's letters which caused her to feel a little contemptuously towards Dr. Urquhart's certainty that he could comfort her sister.

"It would not be at all a good plan," she pronounced, steadily. "Mamma will want you here, and, besides, you could not take Emmie away from Aunt Rivers unless some one went out with you to take her place. Uncle Rivers is the proper person to bring Emmie back to us; and Alma must go out with him, and take care of her own mother. Mamma will ask for Emmie as soon as she begins to care for anything that is left."

"Of course," replied Dr. Urquhart. "Your sister's return is the only thing to cheer her at all."

"And Uncle Rivers must bring her," persisted Mildie. "We ought perhaps to have sent to him and Alma at once; but there would have been no use; we should not have found them at home. I daresay they are coming back from some grand party at the Kirkmans or the Forrests just now."

It was decided, before the council broke up, that Dr. Urquhart should call at Eccleston Square early on the next morning to acquaint Sir Francis with the state of affairs in Savile Street. If no more time were lost, Dr. Urquhart thought it possible he might make the journey to La Roquette, and return in time to attend the funeral.

"A token of respect which he would, no doubt," Dr. Urquhart said, "be anxious to pay to his brother-in-law and the family."

"As if that could do *him* or us any good," Mildie said in a low voice, as she turned away to go back to her mother. "As if we any of us wanted pretences *now*."

Mildie was to sleep with her mother in Mrs. Urquhart's room to-night. But before she began to undress she went into that other room which had changed its character so strangely since morning from a common-place

bedroom to a stately presence-chamber. It was empty when Mildie entered, except for the still form that lay on the bed, its features sharpened already, showing under the white sheet that covered it. Mildie did not put back the folds or look at the face; alas, of late years it had not been a lovable or loving sight to her. A great cloud of something had veiled all its fatherliness from her more thickly than the white sheet shrouded the irresponsive features now, and to bring back the father she could honestly weep for, she must look back a long way.

She knelt by the bed, and, covering her face with her hands, searched her memory for old, old recollections that could wake up the filial regrets she hated herself for not experiencing more vividly. That time, when a very little thing, she had fallen down on the stairs, and her father had picked her up tenderly and carried her to the nursery; and that summer vacation, when they had all gone into the country together, before their misfortunes began, and he had been very good to them all. Mildie was sure she could quite recollect a ride on his shoulder, and that she had

helped to bury him in a sand mausoleum on the shore. On one of her birth-days he had called her to him and kissed her quite of his own accord, and he had praised her diligence only the other day when coming by chance into the schoolroom, he had found her absorbed in a German book. Yes, yes; there was this time and that, little sparklets of gold, gems of love and kindness showing among all that blank darkness, to be remembered for ever, to live on in memory now that an end had come to all else, now that no opportunity could come for another such word, for another claim on a daughter's love to be made by him who lay there, her father, the only earthly father she could ever have, though this was all she knew of him.

Mildie bowed her head and thanked God for the little store she had culled, the precious store, the few words, and looks, and thoughts her father had been able to spare to his child from that daily and nightly absorption in sordid cares, which the world had exacted of him, and repaid him for yielding it by emptying his life of all true life, and breaking his heart at last.

To be continued.

On the 3rd of March, just three days after the fresh instalment of *A Doubting Heart* was placed in the hands of its readers, its author passed away from this world, a victim to a long and painful illness.

MISS KEARY was known to the public as the writer of several other works of fiction—*Janet's Home* (2 vols., 1863), *Clemency Franklyn* (2 vols., 1866), *Oldbury* (3 vols., 1869), and *Castle Daly* (3 vols., 1875), the last of which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*; as well as *Nations Around* (1870), and *Early Egyptian History* (1861). Her novels showed great power of observation, spontaneity of expression, and a sweetness and delicacy of tone which were quite native to the author. The nobility of their aim and the purity of their morals were remarkable. They were emphatically the works of a delicate and high-souled woman, and will inevitably take their place in English literature. In the historical books above mentioned, Miss Keary evinced a happy power of realising the life of the ancient world, and placing it vividly before the eyes of her readers.

To the very large circle of her family and intimate friends, to whom her talents, and still more her singular sweetness, wisdom, and unselfishness had endeared her in no common degree, her loss will be deep and enduring.

The MS. of *A Doubting Heart* was completed by Miss Keary some time before her death.—EDITOR.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

II.

In an article in the March number of this Magazine I gave an account of Burns's hitherto unpublished Edinburgh Common-place Book of 1787-1790, and presented my readers with the prose portions of that document. In this article I shall try to show what light it throws on the poems of Burns.

I may preface this by correcting some slight errata. In page 450, the date, April 14, should be April 13, and 'He was in Edinburgh on December 2nd,' should be "He reached Edinburgh, on Tuesday, November 28th." The copy of the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, is the first 'complete copy,' one having however been sent previously—23rd July, 1790—to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, Saughton Mains.

It is interesting to compare the characteristic expression in the first page of the Common-place Book—"that respect man demands from man," with what Burns, writing to Gavin Hamilton, 28th August, 1787, says of Hamilton's stepbrother.

'Good sense, modesty, and at the same time a just sense of that respect that man owes to man, and has a right in his turn to exact, are sterling features in his character.'

The epigram on hearing it asserted that falsehood is expressed in the Rev. Dr. B——'s very looks refers not to Blair, as conjectured in McKie's popular edition, but to Babington.

I may add the following note to the letter from Ellesland, 14th June, 1788, Sunday.

Burns writes, 13th December, 1789, to Mrs. Dunlop. "What is man? To-day in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyments of exist-

ence, in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with conscious painful being, counting the tardy pace of the lingering moments by the repercussions of anguish, and receiving or denied a comforter. Day follows night, and night comes after day, only to curse him with life which gives him no pleasure, and yet the awful dark termination of that life is something at which he recoils.

"Tell us ye Dead;
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?—
'Tis no matter,
A little time will make us learned as you are."

In another letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 22nd August, 1792, he repeats the same first three lines, adding, "A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question, 'O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,' but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment by ourselves and for ourselves."

Mr. Scott Douglas obligingly informs me that the first edition in which the harangue on p. 458 appears, is Gilbert Burns's, published fifteen years after Currie's death, so that in the notes 3, 4, p. 458, and 1, 2, p. 459, *Gilbert Burns* should appear instead of *Currie*.

In reference to this harangue, "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence, &c." (Proverbs viii. 12), compare Burns's letter to Miss Chalmers, Harvieston, Oct. 26, 1787. "Do tell that to Lady Mackenzie that she may give me credit for a little wisdom. I Wisdom dwell with Prudence. What a blessed fireside! How happy should I be to pass a winter evening under their venerable roof! and smoke a pipe of tobacco, or drink water gruel with them! What solemn laughter-

quashing gravity of phiz! What sage remarks on the good-for-nothing sons and daughters of indiscretion and folly! And what frugal lessons, as we straitened the fireside circle, on the uses of the poker and tongs!"

The repetition twice over in letters to Mrs. Dunlop of the three lines, 'Tell us ye Dead, &c.,' may have suggested Alexander Smith's conjecture, that the Common-place Book was presented to Mrs. Dunlop. In his letter to that lady on Christmas morning, 1795, he mentions a 'collection of many letters' he had been making for a friend's perusal, and a collection of a number of 'old musty papers,' 'rude sketches,' &c., which he was writing out in a bound MS. for a friend's library, and he adds, 'If there were any possible conveyance, I would send you a perusal of my book.' I can discover nothing else which could have suggested Alexander Smith's conjecture.

The first poem is that on p. 3. It is a new version slightly different from that hitherto published of the poet's famous "There was a lad was born in Kyle." This poem was first published by Cromeck in 1808 from the previous Common-place Book, which was begun in April 1783 and ended in October 1785. In fact it does not appear ever to have been in that Common-place Book, but it was in the Glenriddell MSS. prepared by Burns in 1795, for Mr. Riddell, from his old papers, and he places it between Sept. 1784 and June 1785. The version now printed is unquestionably later than the usual one. The poet himself inserted it in this Common-place Book between April 9, 1787 and 14th June, 1788. It precedes the characters of the various persons whom Burns met in Edinburgh, and he himself says, (p. 1, Common-place Book,) "I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes, in a letter of his to Mr. Palgrave, that 'Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollections.'" The date of its insertion is thus almost certainly between April 9th

and May 5th, 1787, when Burns left Edinburgh for his five weeks' border tour. It is remarkable that Burns himself did not publish either version in his own edition of 1793.

Allan Cunningham fills up the blank which Cromeck had left in the last line but three, and gives the last two words correctly but the line incorrectly. Currie gave no version of "There was a lad was born in Kyle" in his edition of 1800, but the universal judgment has ratified Cromeck's decision to print it, though both Burns and Dr. Currie had declined to do so. I note the differences between the version of the Common-place Book and that republished from Cromeck by Mr. Scott Douglas, Paterson's edition, vol. i. p. 131. It is curious that the same editor printed Cunningham's version instead of Cromeck's in his Kilmarnock popular edition of 1871.

Page 3, Common-place Book of 1787.

A Fragment.—Tune, Daintie Davie.

1

There was a birkie born in Kyle,
But what na day, o' what na style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Davie.
Leeze me on thy curly pow,
Bonie Davie, daintie Davie;
Leeze me on thy curly pow,
Thou' se ay my daintie Davie.

2

Our Monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five an' twenty days begun,
¹ 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hanel in on Davie.

3

The Gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo she, wha lives 'Il see the proof,
This walie boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Davie.
Leeze me &c.

4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
H'll gie his Daddie's name a baw,
We'll a' be proud o' Davie.
Leeze me &c.

¹ Note at foot of page by Burns:—
Jan. 25th, 1759, the date of my Bardships
vital existence.

Page 4.

5

But sure as three times three maks nine,
 I see by ilka score an' line,
 This clap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Davie.
 Leeze me &c

6

Guid faith, quo she, I doubt you, Stir,
 Ye'll gar the lasses lie aspar
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
 So blessins on thee Davie.
 Leeze me &c.

Mr. Scott Douglas refers to the first verse and chorus as follows (Paterson, i. 133):—

In the MS. of early pieces presented by the poet to Mrs. Dunlop to which we have referred at pp. 11 and 35 *supra*, a remarkable travestie of the foregoing song is inserted; thus—

(giving the first verse and chorus) and adding—"the name "Davie" instead of Robin is thus continued throughout the song, and at verse 4, line 3, instead of "He'll be a credit to us a" we read "He'll gie his daddie's name a blaw."

The reader will notice that Alexander Smith has printed the poem correctly from the MSS. The 'curious travestie' is certainly Burns's own deliberately revised later version. The second verse is the same as in the usual version, except that Davie appears instead of Robin. In the third verse we have 'she' instead of 'scho,' 'wha lives 'll see' instead of 'wha lives will see,' and 'Davie,' instead of 'Robin.' In the fourth verse we find "He'll gie his daddie's name a blaw" instead of "He'll be a credit till us a." The date of the usual version from Cromek is between Sept. 1784 and June 1785. The change was no doubt made by Burns in 1787, in a burst of that perpetually recurring filial tenderness which inspired the famous lines about his father, who died on February 13th, 1784—

My father was a Farmer upon the Carrick
 border, O
 And carefully he bred me in decency and
 order, O

He bade me act a manly part, though I had
 ne'er a farthing, O
 For without an honest manly heart, no man
 was worth regarding, O

which appear in Burns's first Common-place book under date April 1784.

In the fifth verse we have 'maks' for 'mak,' 'an' for 'and,' and 'Davie' for 'Robin.' In the sixth there is 'she' for 'scho,' 'stir' for 'sir,' 'stirrah' for 'sirrah' being frequently used by Fergusson,—'ye'll gar' for 'ye gar,' and 'Robin' for 'Davie.'

One of the chorus verses in the version of Daintie Davie given, vol. ii. p. 38, Herd's Collection, of which song Burns (Cromek, p. 304) expresses a very unfavourable opinion, is—

Leeze me on thy snawy pow
 . . . Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy
 Dryest wood will eitheist low
 And, Nancy, sae will ye now.

The version familiar since 1808 to every lover of Burns has become a part of the language, and there is no probability that the two years later version as copied out by Burns himself will ever replace it in public favour.

On page 8 of the Common-place Book Burns writes: "The following poem is the work of some hapless, unknown Son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of the 'voice of Cona' in his solitary, mournful notes; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would been no discredit even to that elegant Poet."

Alexander Smith is of opinion that the poem is not by Burns. *Pace tanti viri*, I think it is. The admiration Burns had for Shenstone is well known. In the preface to his first Kilmarnock edition of 1786 he says: "It is an observation of that celebrated poet" (Shenstone), "whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nature, and our species, that humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame." It was about his twenty-first year—1780—as we learn from his

autobiographic letter to Dr. Moore, that his reading was enlarged with the 'very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works.' In 1783, writing to Mr. John Murdoch, his former schoolmaster, who had removed to London, he says: "My favourite authors are of the sentimental kind, such as Shenstone, particularly his elegies—*Thomson; Man of Feeling* (a book I prize next to the Bible); *Man of the World*; *Sterne*, especially his *Sentimental Journey*; *Macpherson's Ossian*, &c. These are the glorious models after which I endeavour to form my conduct." Burns was perpetually writing elegy. Nothing is more certain than that all through his early life he felt himself to be some hapless, unknown Son of the Muses, and that the 'voice of Cona,' the music of Ossian, full of the melancholy wail of the western waves, was often in his ears. "Had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language," this elegy would certainly have been no discredit even to that elegant poet. As for the disclaimer of the authorship, Burns had previously tried that innocent mystification, like thousands of bashful authors before and since his day. "I now began to be known in the neighbourhood" (of Mossiel) "as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit, but to prevent the worst I gave a copy of it to a friend, who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever."

"Burns (Chambers, vol. ii. p. 305), came to indulge in little mystifications respecting his songs. Though he here speaks of *Auld Lang Syne* as an old fragment, and afterwards communicated it to George Thomson with an expression of self-congratulation on having been so fortunate as to recover

it from an old man singing, the second and third verses—those expressing the recollections of youth, and certainly the finest of the set—and oh how fine!—are by himself. So also of '*Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*,' he afterwards acknowledged that only the first verse (four lines) was old, the rest his own."

Burns had no doubt pondered over the dictum of his master in the Prefatory *Essay on Elegy*, "that elegy in its true and genuine acceptation includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance." Shenstone goes on to discuss the question of metre. "The style of elegy should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification, therefore, is desirable, which, by indulging in free and unrestrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires." Shenstone chooses his own metre—fortified by the precedent of a predecessor—but he chooses it with some hesitation: "he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid." Burns, who was far too diffident publicly to set his own judgment against Shenstone's, may well have felt this. The reader who compares the most solemn and funeral elegies of Shenstone—III., XV., and XXII.—with this elegy in Burns's handwriting, will be of the same opinion. Burns probably decided that even the lesser restraint of the verse he chose was burdensome, and he never published the elegy which was first printed from this Common-place

Book in the Golden Treasury Edition of Burns, edited by Alexander Smith, in 1865. It is not given in McKie's popular edition. In Paterson's edition the editor prints the first three, the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, and the last four stanzas as one consecutive poem, relegating the fourth to the twelfth, and the fifteenth and sixteenth to small type in his note, because he thinks the twenty stanzas 'a monotonous effusion.'

I cannot help connecting the verses of the elegy with Burns's own story at the time. It was entered in the Common-place Book between April 9th, 1787, and June 14th, 1788. The much loved Stella of the poet is no doubt his Highland Mary, and Jean Armour, the mother of his children, still very dear to a heart for which one love was seldom sufficient, is the Vanessa of the dim background. The friend who was in Burns's thoughts when he wrote the elegy is probably Richard Brown of whom he writes in the autobiography he sent to Dr. Moore in August, 1787. "The principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where, after a variety of good and misfortune, a little before I was acquainted with him he had been set on shore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of everything." Compare the verse—

At the last limits of our Isle,
Wash'd by the western wave,
Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.—

"I cannot quote this poor fellow's story," Burns says, "without adding that he is at this time master of a

large West Indianman belonging to the Thames!" The desolate and lonely death among strangers which the dearest of all the friends of his youth so narrowly escaped, and the tender tragedy of poor Highland Mary, who "crossed the sea" from the West Highlands "to meet me at Greenock" at the close of the autumn of 1786, "where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness," are probably both reflected in these mournful verses, which I venture to think, no man but Burns then living could have written. A touch of unreality was seldom absent from the elegies in vogue. But there is little wonder that the writer of the elegy on Matthew Henderson, and of what Lockhart justly calls 'the noblest of all his ballads'—

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,

which was not composed till the autumn of 1789, should have felt that the fetters of elegy, according to the rules of Shenstone, were too burdensome for feet that trod the Empyrean.

The metre of the elegy is that with which Scotland became familiar through the Paraphrases now printed in every Scotch Bible after the Psalms. The first edition of these Paraphrases appeared in 1781. I learn from the president of the Irvine Burns Club, that Burns worked over the Paraphrases, no doubt at the suggestion of Dr. Blair, and that several of them contain emendations in his hand which were ultimately adopted in the final edition now used. Burns cannot fail to have been struck by them, especially by those which were due originally to Michael Bruce, though they were published in 1781 as his own by the Rev. John Logan. Bruce died in 1767, three months after he had reached his twenty-first year, and the touching story of the young poet's end—pointed as it was by the scandalous theft of his most striking poems which Logan had perpetrated—must have been

known to Burns in 1787. It is difficult to doubt that that story also is referred to more than once in this elegy. Its whole spirit recalls the well-known lines—

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born;
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return—

which begin the eighth paraphrase, written substantially by Michael Bruce, and appropriated by Logan. The sixth and seventh verses of the elegy might have been written to tell Michael Bruce's mournful fate. The two last lines of the 4th stanza may be recollections of Bruce's lines: "When chill the blast of winter blows, away the summer flies;" and the fifth recalls the words of the paraphrase—

And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

It is a curious fact that Burns was applied to in February, 1791, by the Rev. G. Baird, afterwards Principal Baird, in connection with a proposed new edition of Bruce's poems, meant to contribute to the comfort of the old age of his mother, then aged eighty, and poor, and helpless. Mr. Baird, who was living with the Duke of Athole in London, asks Burns, to whom he seems then to have been personally unknown, to look through the new pieces he proposes to add from Bruce's MSS., to write an inscription for a monumental stone which friends meant to place over Bruce's grave, and, if he would oblige them so far, to let him have some unpublished trifle to give a little fresh interest to the new edition, as Bruce is 'one in whose company, from his past appearance, you would not, I am convinced, blush to be found.' Mr. Baird adds, 'You have already paid an honourable tribute to kindred genius in Fergusson,—I fondly hope that the mother of Bruce will experience your patronage.' Unfortunately, only a portion of Burns's answer has been

preserved by Currie. 'Don't I know,' he says, 'and have I not felt the many ills, the peculiar ills that poetic flesh is heir to? You shall have your choice of all the unpublished poems I have.' He only asked that it should be made clear that all the profits of the book were to go to Bruce's mother. 'Nor need you give me credit for any remarkable generosity in my part of the business. I have such a host of peccadilloes, failings, follies, and backslidings (anybody but myself might perhaps give some of them a worse appellation), that by way of some balance, however trifling, in the account, I am fain to do any good that occurs in my very limited power to a fellow-creature, just for the selfish purpose of clearing a little the vista of retrospection.' Burns sent several of his best unpublished poems, including 'Tam O' Shanter'; but, in 'consequence of the opposition of Dr. Blair and Dr. Moore, who argued that from the moral tendency of Bruce's poetry, the insertion of Burns's "Alloway Kirk" would be as gross a violation of propriety as the exhibition of a farce after a tragedy,' none of them were used. Very probably these correct-minded but benevolent literati may have been among the friends who sent the poor old widow little sums of money during the last seven years of her life, but they can hardly have made up to her the pecuniary loss their judgment inflicted. The epitaph on Bruce's monument—

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
He spark'd and exhaled and went to heaven,

is not probably due to Burns.

Burns tried one elegy in the metre of Shenstone, on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair, who died 1st July, 1787. He forwarded it to his friend, Cullen, on 14th July. It began:—

The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave
The inconstant blast how'd thro' the darken-
ing air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

He expresses his own opinion of it in the Glenriddell MSS. 'This performance is but mediocre, but my grief was sincere.' It was first published by Currie.

ELEGY.

Strait is the spot and green the sod,
From whence my sorrows flow :
And soundly rests the ever dear
Inhabitant below.—

Pardon my transport, gentle Shade,
While o'er this turf I bow !
Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,
And solitary now !

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
Or make thy virtues known ;
But what avails to me, to thee,
The sculpture of a stone ?

I'll sit me down upon this turf,
And wipe away this tear :
The chill blast passes swiftly by,
And flits around thy bier.—

Dark is the dwelling of the Dead,
And sad their house of rest :
Low lies the head by Death's cold arm
In awful fold embrac'd.—

I saw the grim Avenger stand
Incessant by thy side ;
Unseen by thee, his deadly breath
Thy lingering frame destroy'd.—

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek,
And wither'd was thy bloom,
Till the slow poison brought thy youth
Untimely to the tomb.—

Thus wasted are the ranks of men,
Youth, Health, and Beauty fall ;
The ruthless ruin spreads around,
And overwhelms us all.—

Behold where round thy narrow house
The graves unnumber'd lie !
The multitudes that sleep below
Existed but to die.—

Some, with the tottering steps of Age,
Trode down the darksome way :
And some, in youth's lamented prime,
Like thee, were torn away.—

Yet these, however hard their fate,
Their native earth receives ;
Amid their weeping friends they di'd,
And fill their father's graves.

From thy lov'd friends where first thy breath
Was taught by Heaven to flow :
Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke
Surpris'd and laid thee low.—

At the last limits of our Isle,
Wash'd by the western wave,
Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.—

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
The deep outstretch'd and vast ;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.—

And while ; amid the silent Dead,
Thy hapless fate he mourns ;
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns.—

Like thee cut off in early youth
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much lov'd Stella di'd.—

Him too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along ;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The Poet and the Song.—

The tear of pity which he shed,
He asks not to receive ;
Let but his poor remains be laid
Obscurely in the grave.—

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
Shall meet the welcome shock ;
His airy harp shall lie unstrung
And silent on the rock.—

O my dear maid, my Stella, when
Shall this sick period close ;
And lead thy solitary Bard,
To his belov'd repose.

There are obvious suggestions in the Elegy of passages in Burns. Compare lines 3 and 4 with the lines from the Bard's Epitaph in the Kilmarnock Edition (1786)—

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know"—

and lines 11 and 12 with the epitaph to Fergusson, and with the last stanza of the Elegy on Matthew Henderson—

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great
In a' the tinsel trash of state !

A collation of Ossian with the Elegy would throw no light on the question of its authorship, but it may be worth noting that Sylvander, writing to Clarinda, 18th March, 1788, speaks of "'the dark and the narrow house,' as Ossian, prince of poets, says." The reader may compare lines 1, 7, and 8, 17 and 18, 33.

The 16th page of the Common-place Book begins—

Written in Carse Hermitage.

No. 57¹ (52) *

Thou whom Chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.—

Life is but a Day at most;
Sprung from Night, in Darkness lost:
Hope not Sunshine every² hour,
Fear not Clouds will ever lour.—

Happiness is but a name
Make Content & Ease thy aim.—

Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame, a restless idle³ dream:

Peace, the tenderest flower of 2 line
Spring; reverse

Pleasures, insects on the wing; 1 line

Those that sip the dew alone,

Make the Butterflies thy own;

Those that would the bloom devour,

Crush the Locusts, spare the Flower.—

For the Future be prepar'd,

Guard, wherever thou can'st guard;

But thy Utmost duly done,

Welcome what thou canst not shun.—

Follies past, give thou to air;

Make their Consequence⁴ thy care.—

Keep the name of Man in mind,

And dishonor not thy kind.—

Reverence, with lowly heart,

Him whose wondrous Work thou art:

Keep his Goodness still in view,

Thy trust, and thy Example too.—

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!

Quod, the Beades⁵-mane of Nithe⁶-side—

I have not noted variations in punctuation or in capital letters. The last

¹ The No. 57 which is inserted in pencil, refers to the letter to Mrs. Dunlop (Currie, ii. p. 170), dated Mauchline, August 2nd, 1788, in which Burns forwards these lines with the remark that they are 'almost the only favours the Muses have conferred on me in that country' (Nithsdale). He had been in Ellisland since Whitsunday, and had once or twice before spent a week or two in Nithsdale. The poem is also printed, slightly differently, in McKie's popular edition.

The annotator remarks at the side of the page 'printed. See four pages forward—another better edition.'

² 'Every' for 'ev'ry.'

³ Currie, 'an idle restless.'

⁴ Currie does not transpose these lines as Burns meant they should be, and gives 'tend'rest' for 'tenderest.'

⁵ Currie italicizes 'consequence.'

⁶ Currie gives 'Beadesman' and 'Nith-side.'

two lines begin p. 17 of the Common-place Book.

Dr. Currie's version may have been taken from the holograph letter to Mrs. Dunlop; in which case, it is as the author approved it two months after he entered it here. But it is impossible, in my opinion, absolutely to trust him to reproduce the poet's *ipsissima verba* and what I reprint from the Common-place Book is undoubtedly as Burns left it in June, 1788. In his edition of 1834, Allan Cunningham does not give this poem. The later version of it printed in the edition of 1793, published when the poet was alive, and reprinted in 1797 and 1798, after his death, is substantially that given in pp. 20, 21, and 22 of the Common-place Book.

For the sake of connection I pass at once from this version to that of pp. 20, 21, 22, of the Common-place Book, collating it with the version of the edition of 1793, which was printed in Burns's lifetime, and which Currie reproduces. The side-note in black letter, v. 2, p. 171, is incorrect, and really refers to the version printed by Currie and given above. The version of pp. 20, 21, and 22, is printed by Currie from the 1793 edition (III. p. 300) correctly, except for some variations in respect of capital letters, and that he gives "awful" for "aweful." The poem in the Common-place Book is as follows:—

No. 57 (52) and 4 pages back.¹

Alteration of the lines wrote in Carse Hermitage.

Dec. 23rd, 1788.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,

Be thou clad in russet-weed,

Be thou deckt in silken stole,²

Grave these counsels on thy soul.—

Life is but a Day at most,

Sprung from night, in darkness lost;

³ Day, how rapid in its flight!

¹ The interlineation is in pencil.

² The word 'printed' at the side here is in the annotator's hand. The (v. 2, pa. 171) below it refers to Currie's print of the preceding version.

³ These two lines do not appear in 1793.

Day, how few must see the night !
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour.¹—
 As Youth and Love with sprightly dance

Beneath thy morning^{star} ~~sun~~ advance,
 Pleasure with her siren-air
 May delude the thoughtless Pair ;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptured sip and sip it up.¹—
 As thy Day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits would'st thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon-wait ;

Page 21

Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful Peace with linnets song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.¹—
 When thy shades of Evening close,
 Beckoning² thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of Ease.¹—
 There ruminate with sober thought
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 * And teach the sportive Youngsters round
 brain

lore,² oft bought with pain.³—
 Saws of Experience, ~~sage and sound~~
 Man's true, genuine estimate,
 Say, the criterion of their fate

Th' important query of their ^{fate} state,
 Is not, art thou High or Low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 * Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Wast thou Cottager or King—
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee One ?⁴
 Peer or Peasant ? No-such thing !
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The SMILE or FROWN of awful Heaven,
 To VIRTUE or to VICE is given :
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;

They appear in the version given in McKie's popular edition of the original form of the poem, said to have been sent by Burns to Cruikshank.

¹ The dashes marked ¹ are all given effect to in the 1793 edition by breaking the poem where they occur.

² The interlineations are all in Burns's own hand.

³ 'Beck'ning' in edition of 1793.

⁴ The edition of 1793 returns to the original version of these three lines, but gives 'The grand criterion of his fate' instead of 'Th' important query of their fate' in the fourth.

⁵ This dash is not given effect to in the edition of 1793.

⁶ The interlineations are adopted in the edition of 1793.

That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to be wretched, vile and base.¹—
 Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
 To thy bed of lasting sleep :
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night where dawn shall never break,

Page 22

Till FUTURE-LIFE, future no more, }
 To light and joy the Good restore, }
 To light and joy unknown before.¹— }
 Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quod, the² Bedesman on² Nid-side.³—

The page is completed by the following versicles, which Alexander Smith first gave without the introductory note :—

The everlasting surliness of a lion, Saracen's head, &c., or the unchanging blandness of the Landlord welcoming a Traveller, on some Sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or a Fiddler.

He looked
 Just as your Sign-post lions do,
 As fierce, and quite as harmless too.—

Patient Stupidity.
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,³
 Strong
 Dumb on the Sign-post stands the stupid Ox.

⁷ The edition of 1793 gives 'Beadsman' and 'Nith-side.'

⁸ The capital letters at the beginnings of words are more frequent than in the edition of 1793. The punctuation is also occasionally slightly different, and there are no small capitals. Burns tells Mrs. Dunlop, November, 1790 : "As to Poetry, when you prepare it for the press, you have only to spell it right, and place the capital letters properly. As to the punctuation, the printers do that themselves."

⁹ These two lines—
 So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox—
 which are labelled Patient Stupidity re-appear in the second Epistle to Graham of Fintry, dated 5th October, 1791, in the famous apostrophe to Dulness.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up ;
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well
 deserve,

His face with smile eternal drest
Just like the Landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din
To index out the country Inn.

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain or soul,
The very image of a Barber's Poll ;

Just

It shows a human face and wears a wig,

And looks, when well-dressed, too amazing
big.

Burns sent these lines, and the four more which follow in the Epistle to Graham, to Mrs. Dunlop in his New Year's Day letter, 1789, written before he started on the journey to the Fair at Ayr, from which he hoped to run up to dine at Dunlop on the Wednesday of the Fair week. With the four lines following they conclude 'the Poets Progress, a poem in embryo,' which he sent to Professor Dugald Stewart from Ellisland on January 20th, 1789, on his return. The whole poem, therefore, containing 91 lines, and the 27 preceding the 4 of the Ode to the memory of Mrs. Oswald, which he wrote in the course of the journey to Ayr and back between the 9th and the 20th of January, in page 27 of the Common-place Book, probably filled up the 4 pages—23, 24, 25, 26—in it which have disappeared. In the two closest written pages of the Common-place

They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.

The grave sage heron thus easy picks his frog
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they dorkling grope,

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care"

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

In illustration of this contrast, which was constantly present to Burns's mind, compare the end of his sixth letter to Miss Chalmers.

"There are just two creatures I would envy—a horse in his wild state traversing the deserts of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear.

"R. B."

Book—pp. 18 and 19—there are 64 lines.

After the two lines concluding the first version of the lines written in Carse Hermitage given in p. 16 of the Common-place Book, page 17 contains the first epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry, under the date Ellisland, Sept. 8th, 1788. Chambers prints the accompanying letter, dated Ellisland, 10th September, 1788. On June 15th Burns says to his friend Ainslie, "I look to the Excise scheme as a certainty of maintenance;" and on Sept. 16th he says to Miss Chalmers, "I have taken my Excise instructions, and have my commission in my pocket for any emergency of fortune." In the letter to Mr. Graham, Burns says, "You know, I dare say, of an application I lately made to your Board to be admitted an officer of Excise. I have according to form been examined by a supervisor, and to-day I gave in his certificate with a request for an order for instructions. In this affair, if I succeed, I am afraid I shall but too much need a patronizing friend. Propriety of conduct as a man, and fidelity and attention as an officer, I dare engage for; but with anything like business, except manual labor, I am totally unacquainted." Mr. Graham answered at once on September 14th, on the very day he received Burns's letter, though in consequence of his infrequent calls at the post-office in the hurry of harvest, Burns only received the answer on September 22nd. The 'commission' was in his pocket on the 10th, and Mr. Graham's letter assured him of his willingness to forward his views by getting him appointed to a division which he could work from Ellisland, beginning next summer. The date, Sept. 8th, in the Common-place Book, is two days before that of the letter to Mr. Graham. The poem was not published by Burns in his own edition of 1793, where what Currie calls the second epistle to R. . . . G. . . . of F. . . . Esq. appears. It was first published

by Currie, who may have had before him the original letter to Mr. Graham, which no doubt contained the poem.

To ROBT. GRAHAM of Fintry Esq^r. ; with a request for an Excise Division.—Ellisland, Sept. 8th, 1788.

Printed V. 2 pa. 182.

When Nature¹ her great Masterpiece designed,
And framed² her last, best work, the Human
mind ;

Her eye intent on all the various Plan,
She forms³ of various⁴ parts⁵ the various Man.
Then first, she calls the USEFUL MANY⁶ forth,
Plain, plodding Industry, and sober Worth :
Thence Peasants, Farmers, native sons of
earth,
And Merchandise⁷ whole genus take their
birth :

Each prudent Cit a warm existence finds,
And all Mechanics' many-aproned Kinds.—
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead & buoy are needful to the net.—
The caput mortuum of Gross Desires,
Makes a material for mere Knights &
Squires

The Martial Phosphorus⁸ is taught to flow :
She kneads the lumpish Philopich dough ;
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave
Designs,

Law, Physics, Politics and deep Divines :
Last, She sublimes⁹ th' Aurora of the Poles,
The flashing elements of Female Souls.—

The ordered System fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very
good :

Yet¹⁰ ere she gave creating labor¹¹ o'er,
Half-jest, she tryed one curious labor¹²
more.—

Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus¹³ matter,

¹ Burns's capitals are constantly neglected by Currie, who also puts italics at his own discretion. Burns has none in the Common-place Book. I have printed in capitals the words which Burns writes in very large letters, of which Currie's version gives no indication. I have given Burns's punctuation throughout.

² Burns occasionally writes words like framed, etch'd, differently from Currie. I have printed as Burns gives the spelling, but have not thought it necessary farther to note Currie's variations.

³ Currie, 'forms' for 'formed,' 'parts' for 'stuff.'

⁴ Currie, 'Then first she calls the useful many forth ;'

⁵ See note ⁴ on page 571, second column.

⁶ Currie gives 'But' for 'Yet,' and 'labour' for 'labor.'

Such as the slightest breath of air might
scatter,
With arch-alacrity, and conscious glee,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we ;

Page 18

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to
show it)
She forms the Thing, & christens it—a
Poet.—

Creature, tho' oft the prey of Care and
Sorrow,

When blest to-day, unmindful of to-
morrow ;

A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired & praised—and there the wages¹
ends ;

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each
groan,

Yet frequent all-unheeded in his own.—

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk ;
She laught at first, then felt for her poor
Work :

² Viewing
Pitying the propless Climber of mankind,
She cast about a Standard-tree to find ;
³ In pity for his

And to support his helpless woodbine-state,
⁴ She clasped his tendrils round the
Attached him to the generous, truly Great
A title, and the only one I claim,

To lay strong hold for help on bounteous
GRAHAM.—

Pity the tuneless Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid Landsmen⁵ on life's stormy
main !

Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent⁶
stuff

That never gives—tho' humbly takes
enough ;

The little Fate allows they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb Wisdom's hard-
wring boon :

The world were blest, did bliss on them
depend,

Ah, that the 'FRIENDLY e'er should want a
FRIEND !

¹ Currie gives 'homage' for 'wages.'

² Currie gives all these readings as originally written by Burns, instead of those which he had substituted in his own hand.

³ Currie gives 'landmen' instead of 'Landsmen.' In the Common-place Book Burns had written 'absorb'—perhaps meaning to write 'absorptive,' but he writes a b over the p and finishes the word 'absorbent.'

⁴ Currie gives "the friendly e'er should want a friend" in quotation marks.

¹ Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy
son
Who life & wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason & who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, & Sentiment a fool !)

Page 19

Who make poor ¹ "Will do" wait upon
¹ "I should ;"
We own they're prudent—but who owns
they're good ?
Ye wise ones hence ! ye hurt the social
eye ;
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come, ye who the godlike pleasure
know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished,—to be-
stow,
Whose arms of love would grasp all
human-race ;
Come, thou ² who givest with all a courtier's
grace,
Friend of my ³ life ! (true Patron of my
rhymes)
Prop of my dearest hopes for future
times.—

⁴ Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-
afraid,

Backward, abashed, to seek^{ask} thy friendly aid !
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,

⁵ I ^{tax} ask thy friendship at thy kind com-
mand :

But, there are such, who court the tuneful
Nine,
Heavens, should the branded character be
mine !

Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely
flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.—
Mark, how their lofty, independant spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured
Merit !

⁶ Seek^{you} not the proofs in private life to
find ;—

Pity, the best of words should be but wind !
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song
ascends,

But grovelling on the earth the carol
ends.—

¹ Currie does not break the verse here, and he puts *Will do* and *I should* in italics, and without quotation marks.

² Currie gives 'feels' for 'owns,' and 'the' for 'all.'

³ Currie puts 'thou' and 'Friend of my life' in italics, and omits the bracket before and after 'true Patron of my rhymes.'

⁴ Currie gives no break in the verse here.

⁵ Currie gives 'crave' instead of either 'ask' or 'seek.'

⁶ Currie gives 'not' instead of 'you.'

In all the clamorous cry of starving Want
They dun Benevolence with shameless front ;
Obhidge them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you, all your future days.—

¹ E'er ² my poor soul such deep dam-
nation stain,
My horny fist, assume the plough again ;
The piebald ³ jacket, let me patch once
more ;
On eighteen pence a week ⁴. I've lived
before.—

Page 20

Tho', thanks to Heaven ! I dare even that
last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift
That placed by thee upon the wished-for
height,
Where Man & Nature fairer in her
sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some
sublimar flight.⁴

¹ Currie gives no break in the verse here.

² Currie gives 'Ere' for 'E'er,' and 'pie-
ball'd' for 'piebald.'

³ When Burns and his brother were at Mossiel, the wages they assigned themselves and lived upon were 7*l.* a year, or half-a-crown a week. 'During the whole time,' says Gilbert Burns, 'as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, his expenses never exceeded his slender income. As I was entrusted with the keeping of the family accounts, it is not possible that there can be any fallacy in this statement in my brother's favour. His temperance and frugality were everything that could be wished.' No doubt the 'eighteenpence a week' was the wage before he was able for full labourer's work.

⁴ Currie adds a note at the end of these verses. 'This is our poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintry. It is not equal to the second, printed Vol. iii. p. 317, but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history or of chemistry was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception 'correctly.' It is almost absurd to inquire seriously what can be meant by this schoolmaster-like remark. Phosphorus oxidises slowly in air of ordinary temperature, but it fuses at 110° F., which is not a very unusual heat. The word 'sublime' means (Webster) to bring to a state of vapour by heat, what, on cooling returns again into the solid state, and there was nothing known to Dr. Currie of the 'Aurora of the Poles' inconsistent with the theory that it was due to vapour made luminous. As for the 'ignis fatuus matter' the ignis fatuus appears in the night over marshy ground, and is supposed to be occasioned by the decomposition of animal or vegetable substances, or by some inflammable gas, which is quite consistent with what Burns says.

Page 27 of the MS. book begins with the last four lines of the famous ode to the memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchencruive, the story of the origin of which is told by Burns himself in his letter to Dr. Moore:—

ELLISLAND, 23d March, 1789.

SIR, . . .

The enclosed ode is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald, of Auchencruive. You, probably, knew her personally, an honour of which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Bailie Whigham's, in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day; and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late great Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the horrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse, my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus, twelve miles farther on,

through the wildest moors and hills of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me, when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode.

I was at Edinburgh lately, and settled finally with Mr. Creech; and I must own that at last he has been amicable and fair with me.—R. B.

Burns himself published the ode without the name of the subject in the edition of 1793, the four lines given here being the same as those with which it concludes:—

O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched VITAL-PART is
driven!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience
clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to
Heaven.—

The words 'pompous' and 'vital part' are italicised in the edition of 1793. The writing of vital part, which I have rendered by capitals, is much larger and opener than the rest.

Richard Oswald, merchant in London, and minister plenipotentiary to sign the articles of peace with the United States in 1782, purchased the estates of Auchencruive from the old family, the Cathcarts, somewhere about 1760.

WILLIAM JACK.

To be continued.

RECIPROCITY.

PART III.—THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT INDUSTRIAL DISTRESS.

WE come now to the final division of the important discussion raised by the "reciprocitarians." Their clamour for countervailing or retaliatory duties as a means of forcing free trade down the throats of reluctant foreigners has been proved to be madness so far as foreign manufactures or raw produce used in manufactures is concerned. There are no countries that we could "punish" enough by such means, through injury to their manufactures, and were we to apply the scourge of duties to raw materials we should only be whipping ourselves. Reciprocitarians, if I may judge by the many strange effusions that have reached me, do not seem to like being brought to the test of hard facts in this fashion. The business of many of them is, it would seem, to "trail the red-herring across the scent"; and to lead the people astray so that the real mischiefs of the time may not be unearthed. Hence the cry about the terrible evils of foreign competition and the gross injustice of foreign tariffs is raised, and people are told in tones of great assurance that England must be up in arms to "punish" the daring aggressors on her ancient monopolies. The exhibition of ignorance and folly thus made is both pitiable and pitiful, but it is also full of danger. Only the other day a meeting was actually got together in the city of London in favour of reciprocity, at which men nominally of liberal opinions were found speaking and voting in favour of a policy of self-immolation for purposes of revenge. It makes one sick to think of it all, of, what the country may come to should such mistaken notions prevail, and of the dangers which lie ahead of us, not only through the possibility that the

*quack nostrums now dinned into people's ears may be adopted, but from the neglect of true remedies which their advocacy implies.

Before passing on to discuss the situation in regard to food-supplies, and the possibility of taxing these, suffer me to draw attention for a moment to one point which throws a powerful light on the troubles inherent in the present commercial situation. That point is the enormous depreciation of silver which has taken place since 1871. Mr. Ernest Seyd, a man of profound knowledge on such subjects, insists that this depreciation of silver is at the root of all the trade evils of the time. By reason of it our trade with India, China, and South America, with all countries in short whose basis of exchange values is silver, has become paralysed. If we sell goods to them we have to obtain a higher price by 25 to 30 per cent than was necessary before the depreciation in silver set in, else the sale results in loss. If we buy goods in exchange, as we have hitherto done to a large extent, we glut our home markets and force prices down against us here to an extent equally ruinous. The result, therefore, is that the trade of this country is becoming clogged, and in some instances is dying through this cause alone. But "reciprocitarians" never thought of it. Throw duties to them like bones to a hungry dog, and their growl, they say, will cease. Will "duties," however discriminating, however heavy, suffice to overthrow this tremendous obstacle? By no possibility, for this depreciation in the value of silver has been brought about to a large extent through the silver-using nations getting into debt to this country, and to put duties on the produce which some of these nations

have to send us in payment of that debt would be to increase at one and the same time their difficulties and ours. Mr. Seyd is disposed to lay the greater part of the blame on Germany, which, by demonetising silver in 1872, no doubt contributed to bring matters to a crisis. The mischief, however, lies much deeper than in anything that Germany has done. It may be said to have begun at least as far back as the civil war in the United States. From that time till now nearly all foreign nations have been plunging deeper and deeper into debt. Many of them have through doing so been compelled to export their metallic coinage and to submit to a paper currency. Not a few of them have engaged to pay heavy annual sums in gold to England—sums much beyond their normal capacity to pay. The foolish conduct of the Germans in regard to silver thus only helped to bring to a head evils of long standing, and when to that was added the exhaustion of India, the elements for a world-wide catastrophe, such as the fall in the value of silver actually is, were complete. We are in the throes of that catastrophe now. Day by day the confusion and deadlock grow greater. Year by year the possibility of emerging from their difficulties without a declaration of bankruptcy has become more hopelessly remote for almost every country under the sun dependent upon silver as its basis of exchange. And it is to a situation strained thus that the wisecracks of reciprocity would apply the strangely absurd remedy of retaliatory import duties. They would, in other words, restrict the import of foreign goods at the very time when the continued solvency of many countries depends on their power to export goods to a great excess. "We will not have their silver, certainly not; ours is a pure and undefiled gold standard:" and yet they must either send us silver or goods. "But we will not have your goods either," the reciprocitarians cry, and so the poor struggling

countries must, it seems, be hurled into bankruptcy forthwith.

Surely there ought to be some more excellent way whereby the catastrophe which this state of things threatens might be avoided. Or is it best, I wonder, to hasten the end, to plunge altogether into the vortex of bankruptcy, red revolution, and the demolition of empires? The reciprocitarians seem to think so—if indeed they can think at all; but to those not yet led away by their clamours the whole aspect of affairs is too sad and full of distress for the rash application of crude theories. If we are to face our difficulties like men, we ought to do something to restore the value of silver. We must, in other words, lighten rather than augment the burdens of the nations that are our debtors, and above all the burdens of India. We must endeavour to draw other nations still solvent into a community of interests with ourselves, so that if possible we may help those that are weak out of the quagmire into which they are rapidly sinking. It may not be possible for us to prevent an international bankruptcy of some kind. The restoration of silver to its old equivalent relations to gold may be, and I believe is, quite beyond anything we can do, but we need not therefore erect further barriers between us and distressed communities. That can only hasten the end and produce universal collapse.

The strain grows more severe everywhere. All international commerce and much of the internal trade of most nations trembles on the edge of an abyss. For some countries no refuge can be said to be left save the free markets of England. Through India the silver difficulty touches us to the quick and makes all our Eastern trade rotten. The Turkish war has flooded Russia with paper, depreciating the rouble note by nearly 30 per cent; Austria and Hungary plunge uneasily on under an increasing load of the same unbearable kind; and all South American states draw nearer and

nearer the verge of ruin. Shall we turn upon these distressed countries and say, "We will no longer let you sell to us freely; we shall add to your other unbearable burdens the burden of a capricious English import tariff"! To do so would be to involve ourselves to the uttermost in the financial embarrassment and possible bankruptcy now overhanging half the civilised nations of the globe. France, which has always managed its monetary affairs more wisely than ourselves, is at present flooded with the silver of other members of the Latin monetary union, because they in their poverty have been compelled to part with it. The United States have failed to grapple with the silver difficulty. They subsist still upon paper money, and are working steadily towards a new crisis in financial affairs, through the inflation caused by their unreal resumption of specie payments.

The very first effect of the imposition of a reactionary import tariff in this country would probably be the instant bankruptcy of all South American states, of Russia, Italy, and India. Our imports from these and other countries would instantly shrink, and the recoil of the blow aimed at people whom the ignorant middle-class trade-unionists of this country probably consider their enemies would be ruin at home. Is that what these people want? If so let them speak out, and we shall know them for what they really are—foolish agitators intent on hounding the country towards destruction.

It is a remarkable fact, much dwelt on by Mr. Seyd, that the countries most oppressed by the silver difficulty are usually most eager to shelter themselves behind high Customs tariffs. These tariffs are, in fact, at the present moment, to a large extent a sign and measure of their inability to pay twenty shillings in the pound. I am not sure that even France and the United States can be placed in any other category but this. At all events this is the refuge of bankrupt communities,

and it is so for a very obvious reason. They all wish to diminish their trade indebtedness abroad in order to be able to meet their foreign debt charges through a larger trade balance in their favour. They think that free trade puts this trade balance too much against them, drains away specie, makes exchange adverse, and leads to bankruptcy. Their panacea therefore has its *raison d'être* to a great extent in the bankruptcy or impending bankruptcy of those who apply it, and they will cling to it till they escape in some way from their perilous situation. Are we to conclude that this country also is in danger of falling into bankruptcy and in need of a crutch to support it? It would seem so; but if it be not so, let us prove that we are still able to help the weak by giving them a free market. Judging by the inventories of our wealth to which deft romancers in figures ever and anon treat us, this country ought to be able to stand anything [in the shape of adversity. We are so rich, and take tribute from so many foreign nations, that it seems a cruelty to speak of laying on them additional burdens. Can it be that our wealth is a dream and a delusion? that our fabulous annual income is composed largely of items like the "profits" in the City of Glasgow Bank? that our increased savings are of the kind so admiringly dwelt on by the First Lord of the Admiralty the other week in his great after-dinner speech at the Westminster Palace Hotel? Mr. Smith is a strictly business man, not hitherto suspected of possessing a lively fancy, and yet he gravely told his auditory that during the terrible year 1878 the working-classes had actually increased their savings-bank deposits by 1,300,000*l.*, utterly unconscious of the fact that this augmentation was half a million less than the accrued interest at 2½ per cent on the previous year's deposits, or of the fact, nearly as patent, that a large portion of these deposits are not and never have belonged to the so-called

"working-class" savings. They are the moneys of the lower middle-class, of young people, and of domestics, and last year many small depositors in ordinary banks transferred their money to the post-office for greater security. Are we to conclude that all the "tall talk" about our great wealth is mere romancing of this kind? It would really seem so, if the reciprocitarians are to be believed.

We must now leave this point, interesting though it be in itself, and deal with the main subject of this final essay—our food supply. Readers of *Macmillan* may remember a short paper which appeared in the number for August last, wherein some alarming figures were given regarding the rapidly increasing dependence of this country on foreign food grains and other articles of consumption. The total value of such imports had risen in 20 years from about 58,000,000*l.* in 1857 to rather more than 160,000,000*l.* In other words, we imported twenty years ago about 18*s.* 3*d* worth of foreign food per head, and now we import as much as 2*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.* worth. By the extent of that increase we are therefore in a sense driven to sell more goods abroad in order to live. Many influences prevent that from being actually the case to the full extent of this heavy foreign import of food, but substantially we have here a very severe drain upon our resources. Latterly it has told with an augmenting force upon the investing classes of this country, who have, in many instances, literally parted with their stocks to buy food. Every week a process is thus going on which is tending to reduce the nation more nearly to the level of a country like France, whose capital is comparatively but little employed abroad. The United States alone are buying back all their own Government and most of their railway stocks, and paying for them with cargoes of corn and dead meat.

It is alarming to see the course which the country is taking in regard

to this matter. In a little memorial on British Agriculture drawn up by Mr. James Caird, C.B., for the British Section of the French International Exhibition, I find the estimated values of the home and foreign agricultural produce now consumed in this country to be 261,000,000*l.* and 111,000,000*l.* respectively—figures not including luxuries, but merely such goods as we can rear at home, or essential substitutes for them. Thus, in round figures, we now draw 30 per cent of the necessary food supply of the country from abroad. That proportion applies to food of all kinds—for man and beast, as well as the animal food of man. It is hence impossible to say roundly what proportion of our population is fed actually on foreign food, but in the case of wheat we import fully as much as we grow, and the total estimated value of imported corn given by Mr. Caird indicates that about 37 per cent of the total supply comes from abroad. This however is exclusive of rice, which now forms a large item in the food of the country.

The larger half of the foreign supply of such food as we can grow at home now comes from the United States of America. Not only are they able to send us almost unlimited quantities of grain, but throughout the winter season, at all events, they also send us increasing quantities of dead meat. They would send us practically limitless numbers of live cattle, but for the Privy Council regulations. We also receive large supplies of corn and of cured and other meats, as well as of the more perishable bulbs and green vegetables from other countries. It is towards the States, however, that all eyes are directed at the present time. On their capacity for feeding us cheaply we may be said as a manufacturing nation to depend for our very existence, and yet that capacity, as now displayed, is threatening to ruin the British farmer. The late years of distress in the States have led to an unusually rapid and large extension

of the cultivated area. As much as 20 million acres of new soil are estimated to have been brought into cultivation in 1878, and all over the Union there is now a large surplus crop which can be easily exported. We in this country place no restriction whatever on the imports of all kinds of agricultural produce from the States, with the single exception of live cattle. It is felt therefore, and justly felt, to be a most grievous hardship that they should, by the application of a tariff worthy of the dark ages of Spanish tyranny, almost completely shut us out of their markets. They refuse to let us "barter" our productions for theirs, and will only take from us hard cash, or the equivalent of such, in the shape of bonds of their debt.

Many people in this country naturally wish to retaliate on the Union, and many landowners and farmers would probably be glad to impose heavy duties on American grain, cheese, live cattle, and dead meat. They think that this "revenge" might at least save them from ruin, whether it brought the States to their senses or not. We must not be too hard upon our farmers if they catch at a foolish notion of this kind, for foolish it is. For at the present time there is no class in the country so hard driven in the struggle for existence. Be the harvests good or bad, the situation is the same for the farmer. He always loses. A few figures will suffice to show at one and the same time both the hopelessness of the struggle under present conditions, and the futility of any remedy in the form of a revived corn duty.

Nothing is perhaps more difficult than the assessment of the cost of production in English agriculture. Conditions of production vary widely over the country, and qualities of soil also vary. But it is possible to strike something like an average, which shall at least give an approximate idea of the cost. Two estimates of the cost of wheat production are before me from

No. 234.—VOL. XXXIX.

different parts of the country, and they may, I think, be taken as a fair average. One is that given in the *Times* of 18th January last, by Mr. Arthur H. Savory, of Addington Manor, Evesham. According to his figures, the net cost of producing one quarter of wheat in the English Midlands is 48s. The other was given me by my friend, Mr. James W. Barclay, M.P. for Forfarshire, and applies more particularly to Scotland and the north. According to this, the lowest possible cost at which a quarter of wheat can now be produced is 47s. 6d. In the first estimate, rent, rates, and taxes are taken at 45s. per acre, and in the second, rent alone is placed at 30s., so that reckoning taxes the same throughout, in the one instance more is allowed for labour, manure, &c., than in the other. Substantially, however, these estimates agree in the result, and they may be taken as a fair indication of the total cost of producing a quarter of wheat in ordinary years, the crop in both cases being assumed as four quarters, or thirty-two bushels to the acre, which is above rather than below the average yield in this country of late years.

The cost of producing butcher's meat is, if anything, more difficult to estimate, but I am informed by Mr. Barclay, who has closely investigated the subject, that meat cannot be produced in this country under 67s. 6d. to 70s. per cwt. of dead carcase, or 7½d. to 7½d. per lb.

Now let us see how these figures compare with estimates of production in America. The figures for that country are also very scanty. In many parts of the States farming is pursued with little or no regard to economy, and with no attempt at careful tillage. A large proportion also of the new settlers have had no previous experience in farming. Hence the average yield of wheat per acre in the American Union is low when compared with that of this country. Mr. George Osborn, of Kingston, Canada, furnished the *Times* of February 27th,

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with some figures upon this point, which I shall here quote :—

"The cost per acre in the spring-wheat States—Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin :—Ploughing, \$1 50c.; dragging and sowing, \$1; seed, \$1 50c.; harvesting \$2 50c.—\$6 50c.; equal to 1*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, to which must be added 10c., or 5*d.* sterling, per bushel for thrashing, &c. For new land add \$2, or 8*s.* 4*d.* sterling, for breaking. Minnesota certainly raises more wheat to the acre than any other State in the Union, her average for the last 10 years being nearly 16 bushels per acre. Taking the United States as a whole I find the average for the last five years ending 1877 to be very slightly under 11 bushels per acre. The spring-wheat States named above have on an average for five years produced a fraction over 13 bushels per acre. The greatest known yearly average of Ohio, the largest producer of the winter-wheat States, is 17½ bushels; while the average for 10 years, as officially shown, is 10·55 bushels per acre. Illinois produces year by year not more than 10 bushels per acre; Iowa, 14 bushels; California, 13; Kansas, 13; Wisconsin, 14."

These figures do not in all respects tally with those given for the cost of production in England, but making all allowance for discrepancies, they may be taken as indicating that the fair average cost of producing one quarter of wheat in the American Union does not exceed 20*s.* That is also the estimate of Mr. Barclay. On good settled land, such as a great deal of the land in most of the States now is, the average yield of wheat is higher, and the average cost of production of course less. Against this, however, another consideration has to be taken into account in the shape of interest on capital borrowed. In order to exhibit with vividness the actual position of the majority of American farmers, and the conditions under which they work, it will be interesting to place side by side with Mr. Osborn's figures some *data* which I have received from an experienced banker in Chicago. Writing to me under date 31st December, 1878, he says :—

"Within this territory good fertile farms sell at from 20*s.* to 5*l.* per acre, averaging now probably about 5*l.*, and taxes are about 1*s.* 2*d.* per acre. The yield of corn is from twenty to seventy bushels, of sixty pounds. Good farmers will average fifty, and the whole

would average about forty bushels per acre, on good corn ground.

"To illustrate, suppose the farmer in debt for full value of his land, hiring all the labour performed, and selling his entire crop without feeding any part of it to stock, and the account would be as follows :—

"Interest one year on 5*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* at 8 per cent, 8*s.* 4*d.*; taxes say 1*s.* 2*d.*; labour of growing and harvesting, 24*s.*; total 34*s.* 6*d.*, for which he would have for each acre of land, forty bushels of corn, costing say 11*d.* per bushel, with ordinarily an average of 1*s.* 6*d.* per bushel at the farm, and now worth about 1*s.* 4*d.* In some places, as low possibly as 8*d.* and in others as high as 2*s.*"

The figures given in this extract apply to maize or Indian corn, of which very heavy crops are grown in Illinois. They show that the cost of producing that cereal, now imported by us to the extent of nearly 10 million quarters per annum, does not amount to more than 7*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. But the chief value of this information lies in the picture it gives of the condition of the farmers. They pay no rent, their land is seldom heavily mortgaged, they have no manure or labour bills to pay, they till the lands with their own hands, and their taxation is comparatively light—all circumstances in remarkable contrast to the position of farmers in this country. If the farmers in the wheat-growing States are in the same position as those of Illinois, and there is no reason to suppose that they are not, it is easy to believe that 20*s.* per quarter is by no means an under estimate of the net cost of growing wheat there.

Accepting that figure, we must next add the cost of carriage to England, in order to arrive at the relative positions of English and American farmers in the markets here. In one sense the American farmer is at an immense disadvantage, since he must perforce pay two freights, as it were. His tariff prevents the import of goods to the States, so that the ships which bring corn to England from America often go there empty, or with a few tons of pig-iron taken as ballast at a freight of 1*s.* per ton. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, which applies in

some degree to American railways, as well as to the shipping trade, the freight to this country is almost ludicrously small compared with the charges on our home railways. It does not average probably one-fifth, and in some instances is less than one-tenth, of what farmers in this country pay for moving their crops to market.

According to a list of through freights, kindly supplied to me by a Liverpool merchant, about 9s. 6d. per quarter appears to be the total charge for carriage from Chicago to Liverpool, and rather more than 8s. 6d. per quarter from Detroit to the same port. If therefore we place the entire cost of carriage per quarter of wheat, including terminal charges at both ends, at 10s., we shall be dealing liberally, and that sum added to the estimated cost of production brings the net cost price of American wheat delivered in Liverpool up to just 30s. per quarter. If that wheat is sold at an average of 35s. per quarter, the American farmer and his intermediaries will have a profit of 5s. per quarter to divide between them. All the farmers' outlay is indeed met by the 20s. per quarter. The price of 35s., moreover, is fully 12s. 6d. below the net cost of production in this country. Moderately stated, this therefore is the probable measure of the disadvantage at which the English farmer now stands in competing with the United States. On $3\frac{3}{4}$ quarters of wheat, the net average yield per acre in this country in good seasons, after allowing for seed, this represents a disadvantage of fully 40s. per acre, or more than the average rent which the English farmer now pays. In other words, the American producer is able to sell his wheat in Liverpool at a price which must prove utterly ruinous to our agricultural interests as they now stand.

The position of the cattle-farmer in this country is not much better. Of the cost of rearing cattle in America there is, so far as I am aware, no ready means of judging, but there is

no ground for supposing that it is relatively greater than the cost of growing corn. On the contrary, there is good reason for assuming that it is less. Pasture on the State Domains is still so abundant that in many parts of America young animals can be reared for an inappreciable expense. The cost of fattening them for the market is thus compressed into a very short period of time, and involves small outlay. The practical test, however, of the cost is the price at which American beef can be sold in England. Now some recent shipments of American dead meat have been sold in London in excellent condition at 6½d. per lb., and I am told that had it been sold at 5½d. it would still have left a profit.

There is no room to doubt the accuracy of that statement, for in the United States fresh dead meat can, I believe, be bought freely at from 4 to 5 cents per lb., or roughly at from 2d. to 2½d. At that price an ordinary carcass would represent a value of from 6l. to 8l., which I am told is about the average price of fat cattle in the Western States of the Union. Here again, however, the producer has freight against him, as he must pay not only the double charges necessitated by the one-sided character of the trade, but also an additional sum for rapid transit and for scientifically perfected means of conveyance. My Liverpool friend has kindly given me the current figures on this point also, and they show that the cost of carrying live cattle from Chicago to Liverpool about equals the value of the beasts in Chicago. For dead meat the charges are, I believe, practically the same. It will be well to leave the live animals out of reckoning, as the import of these will probably be much reduced by the effect of the cattle-disease legislation. The figures above given enable us, however, to make a rough estimate of the relative positions of the producers of beef in the Western States of America and in this country. We find that a Western

farmer can deliver fresh meat without loss in Liverpool at something under $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb., as against $7\frac{1}{2}d.$, the lowest price endurable by the farmers in this country.

There is plenty of evidence that these estimates cannot be considered exaggerated. We see it in the great increase in the imports of live cattle which took place last year, an increase

that stimulated not a little the activity of our legislature in taking measures to guard against disease. Last year 86,600 live cattle were landed at the principal ports of the United Kingdom, or 67,000 more than in the previous year. The imports of dead meat are equally convincing on this point, as the following statement will prove:—

IMPORTS OF DEAD MEAT.	1876.	1877.	1878.
	Cwts.	Cwts.	Cwts.
Bacon... ..	2,810,000	2,395,000	3,467,000
Beef—Salted	243,000	208,000	219,000
" Fresh ¹	171,000	465,000	504,000
Hams... ..	349,000	424,000	797,000
Pork—Fresh and Salted (not Hams)	377,000	304,000	388,000
Meats—Salted or otherwise pre- served	376,000	606,000	584,000
TOTAL	4,326,000	4,402,000	5,959,000

The increase in 1878 on the figures for 1876 is nearly $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, a most startling fact in view of the trade depression from which we suffer, and a fact, too, of incalculable significance with reference to English agriculture.

All the evidence available, in short, points to the defeat of the British farmer in the competition. He cannot, weighted as he is, stand up against the comparatively unencumbered Americans. A new world has come into being within less than a generation, and the landowners and landholders of England have not yet come to recognise what its existence means for them. They accordingly dream of protecting themselves by the imposition of duties on foreign agricultural produce. As monopolists face to face with "free trade" in their own domain, the landowners are disposed to fly to the usual refuge of such a protective tariff. They would punish the United States by levying heavy duties on the beef or grain imported thence, permitting only such of our colonies

¹ Chiefly from the United States.

as behaved well in the matter of tariffs to send their produce here duty free or nearly so. And the farmers appear to be only too willing to join their landlords in attaining this object.

Is it a good object? Can it be attained without injury to the community? Let us see once more what its facts say.

In the first place we *dare not* take any step which would tend to increase the cost of living to the masses of the nation. The course of our history for the last generation and a half has brought us to this terrible dilemma. Our people must be fed cheaply or perish, and the only present means we have of feeding them cheaply is by the purchase of food produced abroad. The people have altogether outgrown the actual productive capacity of their land. Since the beginning of this century the population of Great Britain has about doubled, and the whole of that increase has crowded into manufacturing cities and towns. The rural population is not only not larger than it was some eighty years ago,

but it is absolutely smaller, and tends to decrease. Thus the great masses of the nation have become divorced from the soil. They are cooped up in the towns and have no means of subsistence but the wages they earn. As towns have grown in size and numbers, the cost of living within them has in many ways risen, rents have advanced, taxes are higher, and locomotion more expensive. I question also if it does not take more to sustain life in full vigour in the large cities under the artificial conditions of existence imposed there. At all events the children born and reared there are less robust than their parents were who came fresh from the country. A "weediness" appears about the young of the great manufacturing towns that promises ill for the future of our race.

But putting that aside and looking merely at the actual condition of the people of this country, it is apparent that we have become a nation of artisans and manufacturers which cannot feed itself, and it is absolutely essential to our existence that we should sell what we make. In no other way can we live, and in order to be able to sell we must be able to produce cheaply. The cost of subsistence must therefore be low, because without cheap food low wages and full working vigour could not be maintained together.

Look at the condition of large sections of the working classes during the past winter. Owing to the stagnant position of many industries distress has prevailed—nay, prevails now in nearly every important centre of manufacture—pauperism has increased, relief funds have had to be instituted. Hundreds of thousands of people have been living on the confines of starvation, and yet bread has been cheaper during all the past winter than it ever was before at the same period of the year within living memory. Wheat has been all last winter from 12s. to 15s. per quarter lower in price than it was in the winter of 1877-78. Still the people can barely exist; large numbers cannot exist at

all except on charity. Could they have lived any the more easily had the price of grain been raised several shillings a quarter by the imposition of an import duty? Is there indeed any more grim commentary upon the folly of those who hint at the imposition of such a duty in any form than the condition of large masses of the population at the present time? If that says anything intelligible to the political economist it says that these people are already overburdened—that they want relief from existing taxes, not the imposition of more. If to these other burdens we now add a tax on bread we shall assuredly see riot and bloodshed, perhaps even revolution abroad in the land at no distant day.

"But the farmers are in distress, and our agricultural interests must be preserved and upheld." Certainly, nothing can be more laudable or more necessary; the only question is, How are they to be upheld? Heavy corn duties—or light for that matter—did not sustain the farming class in affluence in past times. On the contrary, agriculture was never in a more wretchedly backward and poverty-stricken condition than when the country enjoyed the blessings of the "sliding-scale" of heavy corn duties.

True, there was not in those times the superabundant foreign supply which now competes with the home production, but neither was there the present large population to feed. To the great bulk of that population cheap food is essential to existence; to all our manufacturers it is as imperatively necessary as cheap raw materials, and even supposing that duties on corn and cattle would help the landowner and farmer for a time to draw large rents and profits from the soil the ruin they would thus bring upon the nation at large could not be borne. It would soon recoil, too, on the landowners. Here again, then, we have to do with a kind of trade-unionism, or rather with a monopoly—a monopoly of the very worst kind. The manner in which the soil of this king-

dom is held back from the people is one of the darkest features in our social economy and one of the greatest causes of our present distress. No words can adequately depict the dangers with which it threatens us. While the population has been pressing into towns and outgrowing the native means of subsistence to an extent which entails an import of the necessaries of life to the extent of more than 111 millions sterling a year, and a total import of articles of consumption of more than 160 millions a year, the landowners have done nothing to relieve the pressure. On the contrary, they have often aggravated it. Mr. Caird, in his essay previously quoted, says that "This country is becoming every ten years less and less of a farm and more and more of a meadow, a garden, and a playground."¹ And he goes on to speak of the deer-forests, grouse-moors, pleasure-commons, &c., in a tone of admiration. A more melancholy description we have seldom read. Instead of being a matter for congratulation it is something to lament over with the profoundest sorrow. Enriched by the labours of the multitude, by the opening of railways, by the extension of towns over lands whose freeholds are chiefly in their hands, the small group of men who own most of the soil of the kingdom have sought to turn it into a hunting ground—a garden of pleasure. They have enlarged their vermin-preserves, their deer-parks, their grouse-moors, and fox-hunting districts, and set more store by the life of a rabbit—most destructive of land pests—than on human life. No liberty has been given to the cultivators of the soil to put capital into their farms. Throughout Great Britain the tenant has little or no hold on the land, little or no security for his money. In many places he is but a yearly tenant, liable to be turned off at six months' notice. In short, as Mr. Bear admirably puts

it in his article on the "Liberal Party and the Farmers" in last month's *Fortnightly Review*, "Our whole land system, from beginning to end, is now tending to the impoverishment of landlords, tenants, labourers, and consumers alike, and it is one of the most striking evidences of the indomitable energy and enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race that British farming has, under such monstrous disadvantages, advanced to even its present state of comparative excellence." It can advance no further. If this wretched land system be not changed, and that speedily, the farmers must fall back into the wretched poverty of the corn duties' times, or perhaps give up cultivation altogether. Already there are signs on all hands that the farmers' capital is becoming exhausted. Their rent alone absorbs it, in many instances, and they are so oppressed between the demands of the landowner and the small return from their crops, that they have ceased to cultivate with energy. They are exhausting the soil because they have not the means to maintain its fertility. Of what use is the charity dole of 10 or 15 per cent deducted from rents as a remedy for the utter hopelessness of defeat which facts like those given above imply? Landlords should not deceive themselves; such petty charities will not stave off the evil day much longer. They will have to assent to many reforms before many years are over,—under penalties. Either the hungry population will give them notice to quit altogether, or they will desert the country. When the wants of the population are considered, when we look at the urgent food requirements of the masses that fill our towns, or behold the soil untilled or half-tilled, the rural population deserting their homes because they cannot live—500 labourers of Kent, for instance, going in a body to a foreign land—it is enough to make us despair of the future. A flush of sudden wealth has blinded the landowning class, or they surely would long since have seen rocks

¹ *The Landed Interest and the Supply of Food.* By Jas. Caird, C.B. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.)

head threatening the ship of the State with destruction. It was Lord Derby, I believe, who some years ago gave currency to the statement that, with proper tillage, the yield of the soil of England could be doubled, and those who know anything of agriculture are not disposed to question the estimate. With our population, the soil ought to be cultivated like a garden. And what would doubling the yield of the soil mean? For one thing it would mean a power to export instead of a necessity to import food. We should be able then to say to the Americans with effect: "Keep your food at home, we can feed ourselves." That surely would be a safer way of obtaining revenge on American exclusiveness than import duties would be. The American farmer deprived of our market would soon find out what "protection" meant at home, and demand freedom to buy where he pleased.

This in few words is the reform most urgently needed in England. The land must be delivered from its bondage and given back to the people. Until the Liberal party is prepared to take up this great question, it will fail to be the party of true progress, and will deserve to continue at the mercy of reactionary administrations, good only for creating difficulties, for misleading the nation, for heaping on the people new burdens, and by their very folly and wrongheadedness, goading the people on to demand what their nominal leaders refuse to give.

It is a gigantic task no doubt, but if the landowning class wishes to escape ejection by way of revolution, it must give way in time. In no civilised country in the world is there now a class with such exclusive privileges and such preponderating political influence as the small group of landowners, who, in this country, hold the life of the nation in their grasp. More than half the soil of the United Kingdom is nominally owned by some 2,000 persons. According to a valuable analysis of the very ill-arranged and incomplete par-

liamentary return of the landowners of the United Kingdom, published in the *Financial Reform Almanac* for 1878, 421 persons are the owners of 22,880,755 acres, or nearly 5 million acres more than one-fourth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The mind is unable to grasp what such a monopoly costs the country, but certain features of it stand forth with a prominence sufficiently notable. In a most absolute sense, the well-being of the entire population of some 32 million souls is placed in the power of a few thousands. For these thousands the multitude toils, and it may be on occasion starves. Hence it is that all through rural England we have continually before us that most saddening of all spectacles, two or three families living in great splendour, and hard by their gates the miserably poor, the abject slaves of the soil, whose sole hope in life is too often the workhouse—that famous device against revolution paid for by the middle class—and the pauper's grave.

Our landowners have not merely burdened the land with their game preserves; they have tied it up, and actively conspired to prevent its due cultivation. Instead of rising to the true necessities of the case, they cling to their game, make penal enactments about it, and struggle to augment the intensity of the evil which it is to the people, as if the very existence of the country depended upon hares and rabbits.

In his absolute supremacy the landowner overrides all justice, takes precedence of all ordinary creditors on his helpless tenants' estates, and controls the system of cultivation, often in utter disregard of private rights or private judgment; and in addition secures to himself the absolute reversion of every improvement which the tenant may make on the land. To his exclusive privileges and overmastering claims we owe it that our modern cities are built well-nigh as insecurely as the "paper houses" of Japan, so that three-fourths of modern London may

need to be rebuilt within thirty years. Add to these considerations the fact that the landlord contrives to throw on his tenant, and through him on the people at large, the greater part of the burden of local rates and imperial taxation, and we have a few of the more prominent features of the abject slavery of the British people to a few thousands of their number. At the present moment, for example, land is assessed for imperial taxation on the basis of a valuation made in the reign of William and Mary. Apportioned in fixed amounts among the several counties of England, that valuation is practically in force to this day, except where the modified tax has been redeemed. Were a 4s. tax—which was the levy under William and Mary—to be imposed on the present valuation of real property, it would yield a revenue of about 29,000,000*l.* a year; whereas the existing tax yields little more than 1,000,000*l.*¹ The land-owners avoid paying this tax, but make up for it in part by voting for licences to public-houses on each other's property so as to keep up the income from excise and their own rents, and in part by laying the burden of "rates" as heavily as possible on their tenants.

Surely it is time that all these things should be changed. While the land-owners have played at game-preserving the world has gone on. Free

peoples have sprung up in regions where English feudalism is unknown, and these peoples are crushing our farmers to the dust. They can feed us at prices that defy competition, and many among us would perish of hunger if they did not send us this food. Of what use is it to erect barriers to keep out the benefits which thus come to us? Would they do aught save hasten our ruin? Alas for the folly that would cling to such rotten driftwood in the storm! The true remedy for many things in England is—*To set the land free!* Let the landlords think of it and submit now, lest it soon be too late. The best remedy for all our industrial distress, the best relief for our overcrowded towns, is to let the people go back to the soil. Free trade in other directions has sealed the doom of feudalism and land-monopoly, and it would be well for the nation and for the landlords themselves if they could realise this now, instead of going about to increase discontent and misery by the application of old-world nostrums—instead of harking back to a fiscal policy which has perished with us I trust for ever. It will at all events be a woful day for the British land-owners when protection comes back; for its return is the surest means of goading the crowded and hungry population of our towns to rise up and seize their own. God forbid that we should have revolutions here, but they will come in spite of us if this great need of our time be not met.

¹ Vide *The Financial Reform Almanac* for 1878 and 1879—a somewhat crotchety, but too little known publication.

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